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Thesis

TOMASO GUIDO: A DRAMATIC STUDY

by

Leland Sidney Reid

(S.B., Boston University, 1932)

submitted in partial fulfilment of the
requirements for the degree of
Master of Arts

1932

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TOMASO GUIDO: A DRAMATIC STUDY

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TOMASO GUIDO

INTRODUCTION

In preparing an introduction to the dramatic study, TOMASO GUIDO, I think that it would be interesting to have an outline of the plot as it now stands.

Without exception, the writers of books on dramatic technique have assumed that their readers are in possession of a story that can be told dramatically. Their books, in most cases, have given valuable information on how to tell that story in dramatic form, but have omitted any definite statement regarding the pliability of a dramatic situation: that is, the many ways in which a given situation may turn under the influence of some very slight stimulus. Much as the very slight things of our lives are likely to change the whole course of our future, so some slight change in the plot of a play may mean a great deal to the character or characters concerned. No drama is ever complete. A play is one way an interesting or an uninteresting thing could have happened in real life. It could have happened hundreds of other ways.

To the student of playwriting, some knowledge of the evolution of a plot, from its source to its completion in the play, would be of value. It would help him, not to create plots, but to see the elasticity of any given dramatic situation. With a full realization of this elasticity, he would be better able to mould his material into its finest dramatic possibilities.

The first step in the formation of the plot of this study was made several years ago. Originally it was a one-act play based on a newspaper article taken from the Pottsville (Penna.)

Republican which stated that two men, killed in the coal mines, had been found with their bodies so close together and in such a position that it was thought that one had tried to shield the other.

This play, as I was then proud to call it, was entitled THE MUCKER. In it I made an effort to show how one miner was about to murder another and how he was prevented by a timely cave-in which was, I thought, duly prepared for in the preceeding action. Through laborious exposition, a motive for the intended murder was established. The point of the play was based entirely upon the false conclusion of the rescuers; namely, that the would-be murderer had died in an attempt to protect his victim.

In the exposition -- a painfully obvious conversation between two miners -- it was revealed that the two main characters were half-brothers; one, the legitimate son, and the other, the illegitimate son of a woman known as 'Marietta' who did not appear in the play. The hatred was based on the jealousy of the illegitimate son for his half-brother.

The false assumption of the miners was nothing but mere coincidence. It is bad technique to base anything in drama upon this device. To base the outcome of an entire play upon coincidence is out of the question.

Work on the possibility of a longer play based on the material given in the exposition of THE MUCKER was the next step.

An outline for a play with the title BLOOD AND COAL was prepared. The whole thing was rather Nick Carterish which, to be sure, developed the story, but still depended greatly upon the false conclusions of the members of the rescue-party.

Marietta was to have been introduced; so were the two fathers of her sons. The entire work had so little reason for life that it was that it was disregarded.

The next step was a complete change of the expository matter given in the original one-act play. Instead of having both children of the same mother, they were to be sons of the same father but of different mothers.

Tomaso Guido came into being as the father of both boys. Having used Marietta already, it was natural that she should be the mother of one of the boys.

A skit was prepared in which all the events before the third scene in the first act of the present study were handled in the exposition of the characters in opening scene. The plot was carried from there, omitting the fourth scene of the first act and and the second and third of the second act. All this material was given through exposition.

At the end of the second act the idea of having one of the children a boy and the other a girl naturally presented itself but was immediately discarded as being too obvious. The original idea was retained, but instead of making the boys enemies, they were made to be friends.

The last act was written in two scenes. One, in the back-yard of Marietta's home and the other in the church. Again exposition was called upon heavily to reveal material now shown in the first two scenes of the last act.

The religious problem presented itself and made the final scene in the church impossible. As this scene was based entirely upon the scene in the back-yard, the whole act was re-written in its present form.

Scene four, in the second act, follows the early form closely while the third scene of the same act is very much like the original one-act play.

From enemies born of the same mother, the situation has changed to one dealing with friends who are of the same father but of different mothers. Surely this demonstrates the elasticity of a situation!

Quite a number of the books on technique have failed to mention that the reading of many plays is essential if one hopes ever to write a play of his own. To see how a clever dramatist handles certain situations is to discover how to meet situations of your own.

Actual participation in plays is by far the best preparation for the would-be playwright. As an actor he becomes acquainted with the actor's problems; he becomes familiar with the mechanics of the stage; he becomes aware of the fact that an audience judges harshly. With a knowledge of these problems he is better able to solve them than the writer who does not realize their significance. He can keep his play within the limitations of his stage and he almost subconsciously avoids flagrant errors which he knows an audience will condemn.

Of the many books written on technique in dramatic writing those mentioned in the Bibliography on pages 102 - 103 have been especially helpful.

L.S.R.

CHARACTERS

MARIETTA TATTI

TOMASO GUIDO

FATHER DAVID

AGATA, Marietta's mother

SALVATORE, Marietta's father

GUS, village bum.

JOE, his friend

BERTHA

HUGO

JACKIE

MINERS, NEIGHBOR WOMEN, STRETCHER-BEARERS, ETC.

Time of the play

ACT I and II	1895
ACT III	1915
SCENE	Darkwater, Pennsylvania.

SCENES

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TOMASO GUIDO: A DRAMATIC STUDY

The Prologue Part I

SCENE:- A corner of the kitchen of the home of Tomaso Guido. The place is untidy and dirty. Bertha, Tomaso's wife, is moving around the kitchen. She is a voluptuous blonde. Her hair is untidy and her dress is quite soiled. She is alone for a few moments during which she brushes her hair out of her eyes with the back of her arm. Tomaso enters. He is a fairly large Italian with coal-black hair and a heavy voice. He throws his lunch can and water-bottle (tin) on the floor by the door. He has been working in the mines all day and his face is splotched with coal-dust. His over-alls are caked with the black dirt. Bertha looks at him disdainfully as he takes his rubber bootees and sets them by the door.

AT RISE Tomaso gets a pan of water and, after removing his shirt, washes himself. As he does so, he speaks.

TOMASO

Dirt! Nothing but dirt!

BERTHA

Well, wash it off; that's what everybody else does.

TOMASO

(Spluttering through the suds)
Black mud and dirt inside the mine and black smoke and black dust outside. Even the water in the creeks is black!

BERTHA

Say, can't you talk about anything else? All I've heard for two months is dirt, dirt, dirt. Why did you come to this country if you think Italy is so much better? You came here to make money. Well, you're makin' it; what are you kickin' about. You can't have your sunshine of Italy and your coal-miner's dollars both, you know.

TOMASO

(Drying himself vigorously)
As soon as I get enough money, I am going back to Italy.

BERTHA

Oh you are, are you? Well you'll go without me! I didn't marry you to be dragged off to Italy or anywhere else. Living with one Wop is bad enough; I hate to think of living in a whole country of 'em.

TOMASO

You don't understand, Bertha.

BERTHA

Understand! Certainly I understand. You came over to this country to make money. You find plenty of money but along with it you have to swallow a little coal dirt. That gets on your nerves; you think of the sunshine and of the lazy life you used to lead back there in that town, (whatever it was) in Italy. You think that you will get your mind off Italy if you get married. I was the unlucky devil that you picked. All you've done ever since is bellyache about the dirt. Well, I can stand that but that about goin' to Italy is out, and you get through your head pretty quick.

TOMASO

Bertha, I was only sayin' that; I don't want to go back.

BERTHA

Well, it's a good thing you don't. What I want to know is why you are always talking about it if you don't want to go?

Tomaso sits at the table. Bertha walks back and forth bringing dishes of food and setting them on the table in front of Tomaso. He starts to eat before she has finished bringing the dishes in.

TOMASO

Talkin' about that keeps my mind off the mines. I'm scared of the mines, Bertha.

BERTHA

Scared of them! What makes you scared of the mines?

TOMASO

I'm afraid of gettin' hurt or killed. It makes me sick when I think of being crushed into the mud and left there until they dig me out.

BERTHA

Well, there ain't many like that these days, and as fer gettin' hurt, that's nothin'; look at the compensation you get!

TOMASO

You have lived here all your life. You know of nothing else. You are satisfied with water when you have not tasted wine.

BERTHA

Wine or no wine, I'm not crazy. You tell me I'm satisfied with this because I have never seen anything else; well, you want to go back to where you started from for the same reason; you have seen something else. Why wouldn't I want to come back, just the same? You see, your argument works both ways, you dumb Wop.

TOMASO

Don't say that, Bertha.

BERTHA

No, I'll take that back. That's one thing about you that's all right; you can speak English pretty good. I guess you went further than me in school, all right, because they never taught Eyetalian to me as far as I went, and they taught English to You.

TOMASO

(Sitting back and fondly recalling the old days)
The old days at school, Bertha, Did I ever tell you about--

BERTHA

Yes, a dozen times. Here eat this pie.

(Tomaso starts to eat the pie. He discovers something and examines it closely. Bertha watches him.)

TOMASO

Coal dirt in the pie! Coal dirt in everything! I'm sick of it! Never anything white; always black, black, black! God damn the coal!

(Tomaso pushes the pie-place across the table and goes out in a rage. He slams the door violently after him. Bertha takes a few steps toward the door and then turns toward the audience. She holds her head and then slumps into the chair Tomaso just left. She sits there for a moment and then places her head on her arms on the table.

CURTAIN

TOMASO GUIDO

The Prologue Part II

AT RISE: The back-yard of the Tatti home in Darkwater. On the left is the corner of the porch which is a ramshackle affair at best. The fence is minus a couple of palings and the gate is hanging with a decided tilt. In the corner where the fence joins the house, there is a rain-barrel under a very dilapidated old spout. The yard is cluttered up with all kinds of things; tin-cans, a couple of wash-tubs. There is a tin basin hanging to a nail beside the door.

Outside, that is, on the other side of the fence, there is a muddy side-walk. The house stands on the corner so there is a crazy-looking street-lamp by the corner of the fence. In the distance can be seen nothing but dreary culm-banks of a bluish black. The sky is filled with smoke. It is all very depressing.

On the steps of the porch Agata Tatti is sitting. She is staring into the distance. When the scene has made itself felt on the audience, Agata gets to her feet slowly and walks to the gate. She peers at the sky as she goes. With her apron she wipes the sweat from her forehead.

Marietta appears in the doorway as her mother returns to the porch. Her mother speaks to her.

AGATA

Marietta, I don't like this country much.

MARIETTA

Mother, I hate it. The two days that we have been here have been like two days in hell.

AGATA

Hush, child. You mustn't say that! I don't like it but Salvatore is here and where he is, I am. That year and a half in Italy before he sent over for us was worse than this, Marietta, much worse. I'd like to be in Italy now, but not without Salvatore, I wouldn't.

MARIETTA

But the sun don't seem to shine clear.

AGATA

I know that, Marietta, but I guess you don't find dollars in the sun.

MARIETTA

No, I guess you don't.

AGATA

You won't mind it so much in a couple of days. After you meet some friends, young people like yourself, you will forget that it is dirty and smoky. I'll bet that you will learn to like the place before long. Why you'll be missin' it when we go back to Italy again.

MARIETTA

Oh, we are going back to Italy sometime?

AGATA

Sure. As soon as Salvatore makes enough for us to go back and live without working anymore, back we go!

MARIETTA

How long will that be? Will it be soon? Will it be as much as a year?

AGATA

Oh yes, it will be much more than a year. Why it took a year and a half for Salvatore to get the money together so we could come here. It will take at least five years, Marietta, maybe more than that.

MARIETTA

That is a long time to be living in a place like this.

AGATA

Yes, it is a long time. If we are unlucky, we will go back, maybe sooner.

MARIETTA

What do you mean, "If we are unlucky, we will go back"?

AGATA

I found out what that whistle was that we heard blowing such

short little toots yesterday. I didn't like the scund of it when I heard it, something inside of me said that it was a bad sign.

MARIETTA

What was it?

AGATA

When they blow the whistle like that it means that there was an accident up in the mine and that the ambulance is needed. They blow like that to call the ambulance. When the people down here hear the whistle blowing like that they all wonder whether their husband or son or brother is the one they are calling the ambulance for.

MARIETTA

You are afraid that--that maybe we won't ever go back to Italy?

AGATA

You can't tell, Marietta. The mines are dangerous and Salvatore is no luckier than the rest of them. If something should happen, he might be there as anybody else. He was never hurt in all the time he has been working; maybe it will soon be his time. Marietta,I'm afraid of the mines.

MARIETTA

He won't get hurt. He'll be careful. They don't all get hurt, do they? Some of them work all their lives without getting hurt. He will be like them. It is only the careless ones that get hurt.and killed.

AGATA

We won't talk about it. Maybe you are right; maybe he won't get hurt; maybe he is one of the lucky ones.

MARIETTA

I want to go back to Italy, but I don't want to go back that way. I hope he is lucky, and I know he will be.

AGATA

Well, we won't get anywhere sittin' here talkin'. Let's get in the house and get some of the dirt cleaned out. Because the outside is dirty is no reason why the inside should be the same.

(Agata gets up and goes into the house. Marietta starts to follow her. When she reaches the door she turns.)

MARIETTA

I hate this country. Blackness everywhere; the sun doesn't even shine the way it should because of the smoke from the engines and the mines.

(While she is saying this the curtain closes on her and leaves her talking.)

CURTAIN

TOMASO GUIDO

ACT I
SCENE I

AT RISE — The same as scene two of the prologue. Marietta is discovered on the back porch, with some kind of work keeping her busy there. For the sake of definiteness, let her be paring potatoes. She looks quite dejected; her shoulders droop and she is quiet. While she is sitting there her father, Salvatore Tatti comes out of the kitchen door and starts to cross the yard. He is dressed in blue overalls and they are very dirty with the black coal dirt from the mines. He is carrying the same kind of can and tin bottle that Tomaso was carring in the first scene of the prologue. He stops when Marietta speaks to him.

MARIETTA

Good-bye.

SALVATORE

Good-bye, Marietta.

MARIETTA

You will be careful, won't you?

SALVATORE

Careful! (He laughs boisterously) Of course I'll be careful. What do you think! I guess you think I go to the mines and take all kinds of silly chances with my life; don't you worry, Marietta, old Salvatore is not taking any chances that he don't have to take. (He returns to where she is sitting and puts his arm roughly over her shoulder) Why do you worry so much about your old man these days, Marietta? You are always tellin' me to be careful. Are you really afraid that I will be hurt or are you just worried that you won't ever get back to Italy?

MARIETTA

Oh, I don't want you to be hurt. Yes, I am afraid that I won't get back to Italy but I am not more afraid of that than I am afraid that you will be hurt. It is the same fear, I guess. If you are hurt, then we cannot go back to Italy. You see, I am more afraid of your being hurt than not going back to Italy because you would have to be hurt first to keep us from going back.

SALVATORE

(Laughing again)
That's right! It is best to worry about the thing that must happen before something else can happen. Marietta, you are a funny girl. My heart aches when I think that your mother and I have had no more children.

MARIETTA

You better go now, you'll be late to work.

(Salvatore goes out the gate and off the stage to the left. Agata appears in the doorway.)

AGATA

Marietta, you must not talk to him all the time about accidents. He will soon think that you don't care whether he is alive or dead only as a way to get back to Italy.

MARIETTA

Oh no, he won't think that. He laughed and said that he was sorry that he didn't have more children like me. He knows that I want to go back to Italy. Why, he wants to go back to Italy as much as I do.

AGATA

I guess that's true enough. We all want to go back.

MARIETTA

I don't understand why we came here in the first place. We are here, all wishing that we were back. Over there we were all wishing that we were here.

AGATA

Well, over there we thought that the money and the wonderful things of America just came for the wishing. Even when Salvatore came here he never told us what it was really like. I guess he did not want to disappoint us.

MARIETTA

No, I guess not.

AGATA

Well, I must get the work done. When you get those potatoes peeled, come in the house and help me. It ought to be soon, because you have been out here long enough already.

MARIETTA

Yes, I'll be in very soon.

(She sits there and is apparently dreaming when Tomaso Guido passes the open gate. He is dressed for work and is carrying his lunch can and water bottle. As he passes he sees Marietta. He stops and very rudely stares at her. She sees him and as he is handsome and quite large for an Italian, he appeals to her. He takes his hat off as though he were in the presence of something sacred, and speakes to her.)

TOMASO

Hello; you are a stranger. You have just come from Italy?

MARIETTA

Yes, we have been here only a few days.

TOMASO

I have not seen you before. I knew that you had just come here.

MARIETTA

(After the first startled moments of Tomaso's forced speech, she has become a little bit shy. Not the dumb shyness that would seem to be characteristic of an immigrant, but the conventional shyness that accompanies such a situation when both parties are extremely interested in each other. She sets the pan of potatoes on the porch and stands up, with the post of the porch half between her and Tomaso.)
You have just come from Italy, too?

TOMASO

No, I've been here for -- oh it seems like years and years but it has hardly been a year. Was everything just as wonderful in Italy when you left?

MARIETTA

Everything was wonderful when I left. Now that I'M gone, I guess, well, everything seems as though it was just ten times as wonderful as it was when I was there.

TOMASO

You miss Italy so soon?

MARIETTA

I missed Italy before the boat sailed; no, not so soon as that, but, well, as soon as the boat landed. When the boat left I still thought that America was the best place in the world.

TOMASO

That is what I thought, too.

MARIETTA

You came here to work in the mines?

TOMASO

No, I came here to shake my share of dollars off of the trees. When I got here I found that it was not so easy. I was here for a very short time when I became very restless and it was Italy that was calling me back, although I would not admit it. I have stood it now, for almost a year. I have not seen anyone who has made me miss Italy so much since I have been here. Won't you tell me your name?

MARIETTA

My name is Tatti; Marietta Tatti.

TOMASO

You are the daughter of Salvatore Tatti? He has bragged of you.

MARIETTA

Yes, Salvatore is my father. You know him?

TOMASO

Not very well. He works in the same place I do. One time I told him that I wished I could go back to Italy and he said that I was crazy.

MARIETTA

He said that you were crazy?

TOMASO

Yes, he said that there was more money here than in Italy and the best place to be was where the money was. I asked him whether he had never missed Italy.

MARIETTA

What did he say?

TOMASO

He said that he missed Italy as much as I did but that he did not go around thinking about it. He believes that with money a man can be happy anywhere. I guess he feels that

he can make more money here than anywhere else he has ever been. I don't know but that he is right.

MARIETTA

It's all right to have money if you can do what you want. Staying here is not what I want nor what my father wants either.

TOMASO

Well, let's not talk about that anymore. Let's talk about something else.

MARIETTA

If we talk about anything else, you will be late for work. You are late now; I don't think you will ever get there on time.

TOMASO

That's right, I do have to go to work, don't I? I'll make it all right. Will I see you again, Marietta?

MARIETTA

I will not be going very far away from the house. I will get lost if I do. You'd better run!

TOMASO

You're right, I guess I will.

Tomaso hurries off the stage in the direction taken by Salvatore earlier in the scene. Marietta goes to the gate and looks after him.

MARIETTA

He is so nice. I hope he is not late. (She gives a startled exclamation and turns and stamps her foot in a way that is almost appealing.) I did not even find out his name!

Agata appears in the doorway.

AGATA

What are you doing looking up and down the street? Have you finished your work? I thought that you were going to come in the house as soon as you finished.

MARIETTA

I have not finished yet, Mother.

AGATA

What are you doing, then. You seem to have forgotten that there is such a thing as work.

MARIETTA

Oh, I just saw the finest young man; he--

AGATA

A young man! (She laughs heartily) Marietta, You have only been here a few days and you have been upset by a young man? What do you think of America now?

MARIETTA

I think even less of it. This young man wants to go back to Italy too.

AGATA

Oh, he is an Italian? What is his name?

MARIETTA

I don't know what his name is, I gorgot to find out.

Agata laughs again. The whistle blows--it is time for work. There goes the whistle: he will be late.

AGATA

Does he work in the mines?

MARIETTA

Yes, he does. He said that he knows--

AGATA

He knows Salvatore. Well, I guess your father talked about you so much that he came this way to see whether your father was telling the truth or not. Did he say that your father had been talking about you?

MARIETTA

Yes, he did say that he knew about us.

AGATA

I thought so; only it wasn't about us, it was about you.

MARIETTA

He said that he would come past again.

AGATA

Apparaising her daughter
Well. I couldn't blame him.

MARIETTA

I wonder where he lives.

AGATA

You mean in Italy or here?

MARIETTA

Both here and Italy. Here, now; since we are here.

AGATA

I guess you will find out soon enough.

MARIETTA

Well, I guess I will finish the work. I will come in as soon as I have it done.

AGATA

Yes. You have been at it long enough to have it done twice. Don't have any more people attract you or you will never get it done.

MARIETTA

I guess it will be a long time before I am attracted by anyone else as much as I have been by this boy.

AGATA

Forget about it now. Get to work and come in as soon as you get done.

Agata goes into the house. Marietta sits on the porch and goes on with her work. She hums to herself softly. As she is working, Tomaso comes back. He stops at the fence and speaks to her. She looks up with a start.

MARIETTA

Oh, you were too late.

TOMASO

Yes, I was too late. I am rather glad that I was, because it gives me a chance to see you again.

MARIETTA

When are you going to get all the money that you came to this country to get, if you are not going to go to work?

TOMASO

A day off now and then will not hurt much, and as I said before, it gives me a chance to see you again.

MARIETTA

That is very nice.

At this break in the conversation, Tomaso appears to be quite abashed and acts much like the awkward school-boy type. Marietta is a woman to the finger-tips and watches him suffer for a few moments before she comes to his rescue.

You have not told me what your name is, yet.

TOMASO

I haven't, have I? It is Tomaso.

MARIETTA

Tomaso?

TOMASO

Yes, Tomaso Guido. I came from the hills behind Amalfi. They are very pretty, have you ever seen them?

MARIETTA

No, I have not seen those hills, but in the south there are mountains just as beautiful.

TOMASO

You miss the mountains?

MARIETTA

Do I miss them? I have missed them ever since we left them.

TOMASO

I have found a place near here that is nice. It is in the hills and the trees are green and the water runs cool and clear. You cannot see any signs of coal or of anything black and dirty. It is very nice there. Would you like to see it sometime?

MARIETTA

Yes, I would like to, very much. Is it very far away?

TOMASO

No, it can be reached in less than an hour by walking.

MARIETTA

When can we go? I am so anxious to see something that is clean and fresh and free from this awful coal-dirt.

TOMASO

We would go now, if you didn't have so much work to do. Besides that, it would look as though I had deliberately missed work just to come back here for you. We could go on Sunday afternoon. Is that all right?

MARIETTA

I don't know, is it? As far as I can see, I can go.

TOMASO

I'll come by for you on Sunday. No, we better meet each other by the bridge that crosses the creek by the railroad; that would be better.

MARIETTA

Why don't you come here? My father will be here and you can tell him that you know me; that will please him. Back in Italy he was always tickled to death every time a boy made so much as a second look at me. He knows you and you know him; why don't you come here? I'd like my mother to see you too.

TOMASO

I don't think I'd better, Marietta. You see, they would think that I was--well, you have not been here long and we only started to talk to each other this morning. They would think that I was rushing you too much and your father would get sore at me. I'm sure he would tell me to go away and stay away.

MARIETTA

I don't think he would. I'll meet you down by the bridge, though. What time do you want me to be there?

TOMASO

Is two O'clock all right?

MARIETTA

Will that give us time to go this place and see it and get back in time for supper?

TOMASO

Oh, that will give us plenty of time. We will have time to sit up there and talk and watch the water rushing past. We can hear the wind blow through the trees and smell the freshness of the woods. I found a dead chestnut tree up there one day; it made me think of home. I wish that I could find a chestnut-tree that bears. That would be fun.

MARIETTA

Yes, that would be nice, to find a real chestnut tree.

TOMASO

I was very lonesome the day I found it. It seemed as though the tree was feeling just as I, it was away from its friends and had died. It stood there as it was, waiting to rot and fall over.

MARIETTA

Let's not talk about that. I am looking forward to seeing the fresh green trees and the sunshine without the blackness and the dirt.

TOMASO

I'll be there at two o'clock.

MARIETTA

I'll be waiting.

TOMASO

Good-bye, Marietta.

MARIETTA

Good-bye, Tomaso.

Tomaso goes off the stage to the right. Marietta watches him for a moment and then calls after him. Tomaso!

Tomaso returns to the corner of the house.

TOMASO

What is it, Marietta?

MARIETTA

You have not told me where you live. Do you live near here?

TOMASO

No, I live on the other side of the mountain. It is quite a long walk over there; expecially in the winter.

MARIETTA

Oh. I wondered why it was that I did not see you before. Good-bye.

TOMASO

Good-bye. I'll see you.

Marietta sits on the porch as soon as he is gone. Her mother calls to her and then comes out through the door. She sees the amount of work Marietta has done and gives an exclamation.

AGATA

What is the matter? You have been sitting here dreaming. You have not done your work yet!

MARIETTA

Tomaso came back. He was too late for work.

AGATA

Tomaso? Who is Tomaso?

MARIETTA

The boy who passed a while ago.

AGATA

Oh he did. Well, if he keeps coming back and forth all day long we won't get any work done, I can see that.

MARIETTA

He said he knew of a place where the water was clear and where the trees were green and where there was no coal dirt and smoke.

AGATA

I suppose he is going to take you out and show it to you?

MARIETTA

Yes, he is going to take me Sunday. He said he thought that my father would be cross at him if he came here to get me so I am going to meet him. I wanted him to come here but he said that he would rather meet me.

AGATA

You can't ever figure these young fellows out.

Marietta has been sitting there dreaming and Agata notices that she is idle again so she picks up the pan out of Marietta's lap and goes into the house. She chatters as she goes.

Come on now. We are going into the house. This fellow Tomaso will be back again in a couple of minutes and then there will be another delay.

As they go into the house the curtain falls.

End of Scene I

TOMASO GUIDO

ACT I

SCENE II

AT RISE:

There is a beautiful woodland scene. Nobody is on the stage and only a small part of the stage is taken up. A moment is given to the audience to get the beauty of the thing before Tomaso and Marietta appear. They are arm in arm and appear to be very happy. They sit on a large stone that is there as though they were well acquainted with it. Marietta speaks:

MARIETTA

It has been so wonderful to come up here with you. It almost seems as though we have been here dozens of times; as though we owned the place; as though it was our very own.

TOMASO

It does seem as though we had been here many many times. This is only the third time we have been here; yet it seems as though, as you say, that we have been here dozens and dozens of times.

MARIETTA

I'm so glad that you showed me this spot. It makes it a little easier to be away from Italy.

TOMASO

That is why I liked it. It helps one to forget the dirt down there in the mines.

While they are talking Tomaso puts his arm around Marietta as though it was a regular occurance. She seems to like it as she moves closer toto him in response to his affection.

MARIETTA

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we were in Italy now, instead of here?

TOMASO

That would be wonderful.

MARIETTA

Some day, you and I will be in Italy together Tomaso. Just like this.

TOMASO

I hope you are right, Marietta. I wonder sometimes, whether I will ever get back to Italy.

MARIETTA

Of course you will! We are all going back to Italy sometime.

TOMASO

There are times when I am afraid that I won't be able to go.

MARIETTA

Why can't you go back to Italy? All you need is the money and you are making that every day. You don't even have to worry about any body but yourself. My father has to think of us; it will take him longer to save the money that it will take you.

TOMASO

It isn't always lack of money that stops us from doing things, Marietta.

MARIETTA

You worry about things that you don't even have to worry about.

TOMASO

Yes, I suppose I do. Let's not talk about not going back; let's talk about being back: let's imagine that we are there.

He pulls her closer to him.

MARIETTA

Oh, I want so much to be there. You are the only person I ever felt happy with. If I was only in Italy now, with you, my happiness would be boundless.

TOMASO

If we imagine that we are there, it will be almost like being there.

MARIETTA

Yes, but when you stop imagining; when the time comes to go back to the dirt and the blackness, then it is all the harder to stand it. It seems as though you were being taken away from happiness and put into unhappiness as a punishment for being happy; for daring to imagine that you were away from it.

TOMASO

Somehow I don't feel like talking; I just want to sit here and dream. I just want to hear the water going over the stones and hear the wind blowing through the trees. I want to hold you Marietta, and forget everything else.

Tomaso half-reclines and holds Marietta very close to him. She snuggles as close as she can possibly get. He sits there that way for a few moments and then passes his hand over his forehead as though he were undergoing a mental strain of some sort. He then strokes her forehead and hair. She seems to like it all very much. Tomaso kisses her and she puts her arms around him. They sink lower and lower on the stone. They are kissing each other passionately as the curtain closes.

End of Scene II

TOMASO GUIDO

ACT I

SCENE III

AT RISE:- Same as scene I. Agata Tatti is coming out of the door at right. She crosses the stage. As she does so she feels various pieces of clothing that are hanging on the wash-line. The wash consists of several blue working shirts, some overalls, and one or two sets of flannel underwear. Satisfied that the wash is dry she calls in a loud shrill voice.

AGATA

Marietta!

MARIETTA

(Voice coming from inside the house)
Yes?

AGATA

(Beginning to take down the wash)
Bring the basket, the wash is dry.

MARIETTA

(Still from within)
All right.

AGATA

(She has taken down a great deal of the wash and is loaded down heavily. Occasionally she looks angrily toward the door. Finally, when she can hold no more, she yells angrily)
Marietta!

MARIETTA

(Coming out of the house as though she were pushed. In her hand she carries a large basket. She is dressed in a very simple cotton dress which is quite soiled. She has no stockings on and her feet are covered with old black sneakers, one of which is tied and the other is not. Her hair is done very nicely and hangs over her shoulders.)
Here I am.

AGATA

(Busily packing the wash in the basket while Marietta takes down the rest of the pieces)
What's been keeping you? We must get this wash in and your father will be home soon. (She notices Marietta's hair)
So! You've been foolin' with your hair again. What's come over you lately? Always settin' around dreamin' and foolin' with your hair. It's that young fellow from over the mountain, ain't it?

MARIETTA

(She has stopped taking down the wash and nods slowly as she forgetfully lets a piece of the clean clothing drag on the ground)
I guess it's him, alright.

AGATA

(Going over and putting her arm around Marietta)
He's a nice boy. You love him, Marietta?

MARIETTA

I love him very much.
(A whistle blows in the distance)

AGATA

(Noticing the clean clothing on the ground)
Look at you! You spend your time dreamin' and never see what you are doing. What is the use to wash?

MARIETTA

(Not noticing her mother's outburst)
An' he talks of Italy. Somehow I am no longer lonesome when he talks of the sunshine and the green hills and the clear, bright water. I forget everything but those days in Italy. (Agatha stands and looks at Marietta and then appears to be dreaming along with her) One day he told me of the chestnut trees. He saw a dead one in the hills and it made him sad. There are no chestnut trees here. All the water is dirty and black and the hills are made of black coal. There are no pretty green trees to look at from the door and even the sun is not so bright because of the smoke from the mines. But I forget all that when I am with Tomaso and I can think only of Italy and the sunshine.

AGATA

(Dreaming along with Marietta)
Yes, all the hills are black and the water is dirty, and there are no trees. Does your boy Tomaso, does he like this?

MARIETTA

Oh no, he always talks and dreams of Italy. He is very sad. He says that I make him forget all this just as he makes me forget.

AGATA

You love him, Marietta?

MARIETTA

Oh, so very much. We are going to be married.

AGATA

You are going to be married?

MARIETTA

(Hesitatingly)
Yes, we are going to be married---soon.

AGATA

Soon? What do you mean, Marietta?

MARIETTA

(Breaks down and tells her mother her trouble)
Oh, I will have to tell you sometime. It is killing me to keep it to myself any longer. I will have to marry Tomaso.

AGATA

Mariettsa! You are-- --?

MARIETTA

Yes, I am carrying Tomaso's child.

AGATA

(Overcome)
Oh Marietta you shouldn't have-------

MARIETTA

(Cutting in)
Oh I know, I know! But I love him, I love him; what does it matter? We will be married soon and he will never know. We went up to the hills to a place he had found. The trees were green and the water was clear and fresh. We talked of Italy and forgot-----everything.

AGATA

Yes, you forgot----everything. (Impulsively throwing her arms about Marietta) OH Marietta, darling! (Recovering herself) But you must tell him, you must tell him; he must know. You must tell Tomaso.

MARIETTA

I didn't want to tell him. I didn't want him to think he had to marry me.

AGATA

You must. (Looking up the street in sudden apprehension) Here comes the men. Don't tell your father. He----he would kill your man. He would kill Tomaso.

(The two women busily gather the rest of the wash and are entering the house when several miners pass. They are grimy from their day's work in the mine. Some of them shout greetings as they pass. After about seven or eight have passed by Salvatore detaches himself from a group and enters at the gate. He shouts a good-natured farewell to his companions as he throws his dinner-can and tin bottle on the porch and enters the house after his wife. Marietta stands on the porch until he comes out again. She picks up the can and bottle and goes into the house.

SALVATORE

(Takes a tin basin from a nail on the side of the house and goes over to the barrel under the rain-spout and fills it. He sets it on the step of the porch and calmly commences to strip himself to the waist. As he does this Marietta brings a towel and a large piece of brown soap and lays it on the step beside the basin. Several miners pass by while this is going on and shout greeting to both Marietta and Salvatore.)

MARIETTA

Did you work hard today?

SALVATORE

(His head in the basin)
We always work hard. We are paid to work hard. You always ask me that.

MARIETTA

(Seriously)
It is the only thing you will talk about. Work. You scold me if I talk about Italy.

SALVATORE

Sure, we are here now, not Italy.

MARIETTA

(Changing the subject)
The whistle blew for the ambulance toady---amother man hurt?

SALVATORE

Yes.

MARIETTA

Was it near where you were working?

SALVATORE

No, he was up on the third level. I was on the fifth.

MARIETTA

Every time I hear the whistle blowing those short blasts I am so, so frightened.

SALVATORE

(Wiping the soap from his eyes as he looks fondly at his daughter he laughs in a self-satisfied way)
Then you do care whether your old man gets hurt or not? I sometimes wonder whether you know you have an old man or not. (He laughs as though he had told a good joke)

MARIETTA

(Her far-away expression becoming one of reality and the present, she gives a guilty little laugh and impulsively walks over to her father)
Of course I care and I do know I have you---didn't you bring me here?
(He brought her to America although he takes it that she means that he brought her into the world.)

SALVATORE

(Laughing heartily as he corrects her in his coarse way)
No, no, Marietta---your mother brought you here. (He laughs again)

MARIETTA

This man that was hurt, who was he?

SALVATORE

I don't know his name----some Russian fella I think.

MARIETTA

(Relieved)
Oh, was he hurt badly?

SALVATORE

His legs were crushed.

MARIETTA

Oh!

SALVATORE

It's the chance you take in the mines.

MARIETTA

Does everyone get hurt in the mines?

SALVATORE

If you stay at it long enough you will get hurt-- that's what the men say. Some fellows get hurt on their first day; some last a long time. Me, I'm lucky, an' careful.

MARIETTA

(Worriedly)
Is everybody careful in the mines?

SALVATORE

(Laughing boisterously as he throws the dirty water over the fence and comes back to the step where he picks up the towel and dries himself.
Is everybody careful? What a question! Do you think anybody wants to be hurt?----or killed?
(As he says this Gus, the village character ambles past the open gate and then turns around the corner. He leans on the fence and surveys the situation deliberately before he speaks. His speeches are accented by long streams of tobacco-juice which is not very gracefully squirted past his bewhiskered chin. The sleeve of an old brown sweater which he is wearing, serves to wipe off the remaining juice.

GUS

Workin' full time up to the coal company?

SALVATORE

(Ignoring the question)
Hi-ya Gus.

GUS

Are they working full time up to the coal company?

(Marietta has picked up the towel which Salvatore has dropped on the porch, and has gone into the house.)

SALVATORE

(Noticing that she forgot the soap)
Marietta, you forgot the soap!-

(Marietta returns and picks up the soap. Salvatore sits on the porch-step and slowly and mothodically fills a dirty corn-cob pipe.)

GUS

Hey Tatti, are they---(He notices that Salvatore is filling his pipe) Say, gimme a pipeful will ya? (He fumbles around in his pockets and finally produces a terrible-looking pipe.)

SALVATORE

(Handing him the blue package)
Here.

GUS

Thanks. Say, that's a nice girl ya got there; I just been noticin' her. (He fumbles around in his pockets furiously) DAMN! Have ya got a match, Tatti?

SALVATORE

(Handing him the match)
Sure.

GUS

Thanks. (He strikesthe match and it breaks. He looks beseechingly at Salvatore but there is no response. Another frantic search through all his pockets and then he vehemently shoves the pipe into his pocket.) Say, are they workin' full time up to the coal company?

SALVATORE

No, we're workin' five out of seven.

GUS

That's what the others say.

SALVATORE

Why don't you go up and find out by workin' yourself?

GUS

Me? Work five days a week? 'Taint worth while. Why that'd mean that I'd have to be idle two days a week. Five days a week; ye'd just be gettin' started workin' when there'd be a day off and then a coupla days work agin. It's bad for ya, workin' like that. I tell ya, it's bad fer ya.

(Agata comes to the door and stands there a moment listening to the idle talk of Gus. She hands a clean shirt to Salvatore and goes into the house.)

SALVATORE

(Putting on his shirt)
You talk like you didn't need to work.

GUS

I ain't worried about it none.

(Agata calls from inside)

AGATA

Come in fer supper Salvatore.

SALVATORE

Uh huh. (He goes in without saying anything to Gus who looks after him for a moment, shrugs his shoulders and starts down the street, whistling weakly)

(Father David meets him as he is about to disappear.)

GUS

Good evenin' Father.

F DAVID

Good evening Gus, how are you this evening?

GUS

Good. (Fumbling in his pockets) Have you got a match?

F. DAVID

Yes, I believe I have, Gus. (He gives a match to Gus)

GUS

(Producing the old pipe once more he tries to light it and the match blows out. Gus looks helplessly at Father David and then thrusts the pipe viciously into his pocket again as he turns to question him.)
Are they working full time up at the coal company?

F. DAVID

I'm sorry I don't have any more matches Gus.

GUS

Matches? Oh, that's all right. What was I sayin'?

F. DAVID

Something about the coal company, I think it was.

GUS

Oh yes--are they workin' full time up to the coal company?

F DAVID

I think they are working five days a week, Gus. When are you going to go to work? You've been loafing around here for several months now.

GUS

(Changing the subject deliberately)
How is old lade Messina these days, Father?

F DAVID

(Gravely)
She is very low tonight, Gus. I am on my way over there now. The poor soul seems to be grieving about something.

GUS

Grieving? Say Father, you ain't never been to Italy, have you?

F. DAVID

Why no, I haven't.

GUS

Well, you'd grieve too, if you was to be planted in a coal heap when you was brought up in nothin' but sunshine and blue skies. A flower lasts jest so long after ya take it outa the sunshine. It ain't no different with humans--take 'em out of the soil they was raised in and put 'em where there ain't no decent sunshine and see how long they last. Maybe a little longer'n a flower, but they fade just as quick----they only take longer to die.

F. DAVID

(Who has been looking wonderingly at Gus for some time) Do you think she's missing the old country so much as that?

GUS

Sure she is. Do you think she'd say anything? No. They never say anything;---they marry their men and stick to them 'till the end. When they come to this country they come because their man wants to make it better for 'em. Stead O' that he makes it worse. He's too proud to say he's wantin' the sunshine and she's too proud to tell him she misses it for fear he'll think she's quittin' on him. No, they never say nothin', but they feel it just the same. I know.

F. DAVID

(Deep in thought and moved a great deal)
I guess you're right. They are brave, these women, very brave.

GUS

'Course they're brave.

F. DAVID

But there's Tomaso Guido from over the mountain---he seems happy enough---and his wife isn't even an Italian.

GUS

That's just it; she ain't an Italian---an' I'll bet they don't get along none too well, at that.

F. DAVID

Tomaso always seems to be happy when I meet him. Of course I can't say how they get along---I don't hear much of what goes on on the other side of the mountain, anymore.

GUS

Anyway I'll bet he's just as bad as all of them---wantin' to get the sunshine an' that.

F. DAVID

Maybe his marrying the American girl has made him forget Italy.

GUS

They never forget Italy---they're all alike.

F. DAVID

(Putting his hand of Gus's shoulder)
You have shown me something tonight, Gus. I will be able to make things a lot different. (As they were talking the stage slowly got dusk and then almost dark. A light appears in the window of the Tatti home and then with a great flickering and flipping the light on the street-corner lights. Gus and the Priest are mere shadows as they stand outside the circle of light cast by the street-light.)

GUS

I only tell you what I know. I kin see how they feel.

F. DAVID

Yes, I'm sure you can see. Well, I must go, there is work to do. Good-night Gus.

GUS

Good-night Father.

(Father David starts off toward the left. As he passes under the light the door opens and Marietta comes out.)

MARIETTA

Hello, Father David.

F. DAVID

Hello Marietta, my child, how are you this evening?

MARIETTA

(After sighing in a resigned manner)
I'm all right, Father.

GUS

Listen to her---she's just like the rest of them. I know, I'll tell you, I know.

MARIETTA

Oh Gus, I believe that you are drunk again. What are you talking about.

F. DAVID

No, Gus isall right this evening, Marietta. He has taught me something that I should have known long ago.

GUS

See that?

F. DAVID

(Starting offhurriedly)

But I am forgetting; I must hurry now. Good-night, good-night.

MARIETTA

Good-night Father David.

GUS

Did you hear what he said? He said I lernt him something.

MARIETTA

Yes, I heard.

GUS

D'ya wanta know what I lernt him?

MARIETTA

No.

GUS

(Setting himself as though for a long story)
Well, what I was telling him was this-----

MARIETTA

(Cutting in on him)
Oh, I don't care what you were telling him.

GUS

(Looking extremely injured and slighted.)
I guess I'll be goin'.

MARIETTA

Good-bye.

GUS

(Fumbling around in his pockets again)
Ya couldn't get me a match could ya?

MARIETTA

Yes, I'll get you a match. Wait a minute.
(Marietta goes into the house. She has no sooner disappeared than Salvatore comes out. He glances at Gus.)

SALVATORE

Goin' down the street?

GUS

(Looking anxiously toward the house and then, apparently coming to a decision, he accompanies Salvatore. They exit at the right in back of the house as Marietta comes out of the house with the matches for Gus. She stands for a moment as though to make sure that Gus actually departed without the matches. As she is standing there Tomaso enters from the left. He calls her name softly.)

TOMASO

Marietta!

MARIETTA

(Whirling around at the sound of his voice and then running to him.) Tomaso! Tomaso! I am always afraid you won't come to me.

TOMASO

(Lovingly embracing her)
Ah, Marietta; death itself could not keep me from you.

MARIETTA

(Contentedly)
O-o-o-oh.

TOMASO

I waited until your father went down the street before I came to you.

MARIETTA

He told me that there was a man hurt today. When I hear the whistel I am always afraid that it is you.

TOMASO

In the mines there are men hurt every day. There are men hurt every day in hell, too, I guess. I'm sick of it. I'm sick of it.

MARIETTA

He says that everybody gets hurt some time. Is that true?

TOMASO

Yes, it is true---if they stay there long enough. But I'll not stay. I'm not going to stay there and wait until I'm hurt- --or killed.

MARIETTA

(Fearfully)
Oh, Tomaso.

TOMASO

No, I'll not stay.

MARIETTA

We will go back to Italy?

TOMASO

(Looking at her fixedly for a moment. He seems to be fighting a terrible battle within himself. In a hollow voice he answers)
Back to Italy?-- -We?

MARIETTA

Yes, won't it be wonderful?----away from this world of blackness?

TOMASO

But---Marietta, we can't---we can't---go back to Italy.

MARIETTA

We can't? Why can't we go back to Italy?

TOMASO

It---it wouldn't be right.

MARIETTA

(Laughing gleefully as she thinks she sees his difficulty) Oh Tomaso, you are so funny! We shall be married before we go, silly. Then it will be all right, won't it? And then our----(She catches herself and stops quickly)

TOMASO

Married, Marietta?

MARIETTA

(Noticing his agitation and evidently mistaking it for shyness on his part she goes doggedly on)
Surely. We will be married very soon now, won't we Tomaso?

TOMASO

Marietta! We---? You---you---we don't have to---?

MARIETTA

(In abject shame she hangs her head and barely whispers)
We must be married soon, now Tomaso.

TOMASO

Good God! (He groans)

MARIETTA

(Trying to comfort him)
Back in Italy---I haven't been gone so long that I have forgotten the old places, Tomaso. We can go back together ----our baby will be born in Italy, Tomaso. Don't you see?

TOMASO

Yes, yes---we can go back to Italy--back to Italy.
(He muses this thought over and over. He is evidently thinking of really going back to Italy with Marietta. He actually seems to be coming to some conclusion when Marietta interrupts him.)

MARIETTA

You won't be hurt in those terrible mines before we go, will you Tomaso? You'll be careful, won't you?
(Tomaso turns and faces Marietta for a moment. There is a strained look in his face and as he slowly turns and looks toward the mountain where the lights of the colliery can be seen flickering; we sense his purpose.)

TOMASO

Yes, I'll be careful. (He looks toward the colliery again) I'll be careful, all right.

MARIETTA

And you won't be hurt, will you?

TOMASO

(His feelings getting the best of him)
Marietta! I love you--you know I love you? Nothing else matters. I have wronged you Marietta---God knows I have done wrong----but it was the thought of the sunshine---the knowledge that you had seen it and lived in it and lived in it and had left it---as I had--it was Italy I loved---it was Italy; and I have wronged you, Marietta. Ah, I love you, Marietta; I love you.

END OF SCENE III

TOMASO GUIDO

ACT I

SCENE 4

AT RISE:- Same scene as in Scene I of the Prologue. Tomaso is discovered, sitting at the table. He is reading a newspaper and appears to be very uncomfortable. He moves restlessly. Bertha enters from the right and busys herself around the table wiping off the crumbs and so on. Tomaso is annoyed.

TOMASO

Why don't you sit down?

BERTHA

Why don't I do lot's of things. Why don't you stay home once in awhile? You have been away from here every Sunday afternoon for a good many weeks. If you weren't so dumb, I'd think you were chasing some other girl.

TOMASO

I'm home now.

BERTHA

This ain't Sunday.
(She continues to work around the table much to the annoyance of Tomaso. Finally he stands up.)

TOMASO

Here, sit down here. You don't have to do that.

BERTHA

No, I don't have to do anything. We would live in a pigpen if I left it up to you.

TOMASO

Well, the pigs would keep fairly quiet, anyhow.

BERTHA

I guess you think you're funny. Things like that don't go so good around here.

TOMASO

All right, I didn't mean that the way it sounded.

BERTHA

Maybe not. That don't count, anyhow.

TOMASO

Don't be always nagging. You are a good sport; we had lots of fun before we were married.

BERTHA

Yes, and as soon as we were married it stopped.

TOMASO

Why was that?

BERTHA

Because you figured you owned me; you wouldn't have to be decent to me any longer; you knew that you wouldn' lose me if you treated me a little mean. That's why.

TOMASO

I didn't treat you mean.

BERTHA

No, going off every Sunday and not tellin' me where you are going and not carin' when you get back; that's not bein' mean. Where do you go Sundays, anyway?

TOMASO

I go out on the hill.

BERTHA

Out on the hill? What do you go out on the hill for?

TOMASO

I found a nice place out there. It is as near like home as anything I have found around here. I go there to think of home.

BERTHA

Well, if you'd think of this home instead of one you are never going to see again, you'd be better off. Anyway, did it ever strike you that I might like to go to a nice place in the hills with you?

TOMASO

You would only think the place ordinary. You wouldn't like it.

BERTHA

I'd interfere with you're thinkin' of home, I guess. I can see that, well enough. Well, I'd lik you to stay around with me on Sundays. You are working all the other days and you ought to stay around the house on Sundays.

TOMASO

There ain't nothing to do around here on a Sunday.

BERTHA

Maybe there ain't. What do you think I do?

TOMASO

With you it's different. You can do things around the place.

BERTHA

Yes, I can do things around the place. Well let me tell you something; in a couple of months there will be plenty for both of us to do around the place.

TOMASO

What do you mean by that?

BERTHA

Well, a kid ain't the easiest thing in the world to handle when it's only a few weeks old.
(Tomaso stares at her.)

TOMASO

A baby?

BERTHA

Yes, a baby; you ain't surprised, are you?

CURTAIN

TOMASO GUIDO

ACT I

SCENE 5

AT RISE:- The scene is the same as that of the preceding one. It is three hours later. Tomaso and Marietta are discovered. They are embracing each other tenderly. Marietta speaks.

MARIETTA

It almost seemed as though we had nothing to worry us, tonight; didn't it?

TOMASO

Yes, as though we had nothing to worry us.

MARIETTA

Well, we haven't. Everything will be all right as soon as we are married and move back to Italy. Over there they will not know if our baby comes too soon.
(Tomaso stares steadily over toward the mines. He is not listening to her. She sees that he is worried and impulsively holds him closer. He pats her mechanically.)

MARIETTA

Oh, Tomaso. You worry! Don't worry.

TOMASO

No, I guess not.
(As though he had suddenly made up his mind, he turns to her. He puts his two hands on her shoulders and holds her at arm's lenght.)
We will go back to Italy as soon as I get paid. I have enough besides that, to take us. Don't say a work to anyone. We will go and nobody will ever know where we have gone. Pay-day is in six days; be ready.
(They embrace again; passionately.)

MARIETTA

It will be wonderful, Tomaso.
(They are in each other's arms when Salvatore enters from the right and sees them.)

SALVATORE

(Who is drunk and speaks in a thick voice.)
What the hell!

(Tomaso gives Marietta protecting squeeze and then faces Salvatore as Marietta runs into the house.

SALVATORE

(Holding unsteadily to the crooked gate)
I guess you ain't satisfied with yer wife. What the hell are ya botherin' my kid fer? I've a damn good notion to break yer rotten neck. Yer wife ain't enough fer ya, huh?

TOMASO

You shut your damn drunken mouth.

SALVATORE

(In a drunken rage)
What? You---you---(he staggers over toward Tomaso and waves his arms around as he blubbers wildly at a loss for words. He finally sputters out with) You damn-dirty rat you.

TOMASO

(Slapping Salvatore across the face with his open hand)
Shut up.

SALVATORE

You'd hit me would you---I'll kill you for that. You come over here and play with my kid will you? Damn you, I'll kill you. She don't know you got a woman----no, she don't. She'd never look at you if she know'd that---you dirty liar. You go to your American woman and stay with her---you was too good fer one of yer own kind, wasn't you? Yeah, but you ain't too good to come sneakin' around in the dark and lie to yer own kind---yer own kind hell!! Yer own kind is too damn good fer you---you scum. Lie to her would ya? I'll tell her what ya are. By God she'll kill you if I let her but I'm gonna kill you myself--you hear me? I'm gonna kill you. (He rushes at Tomaso and starts to claw and kick him. Tomaso gives him a sharp blow to the jaw and Salvatore collapses and rolls into the deep shadow close to the fence where he lies until the end of the act.)

TOMASO

(Looking down at him as he is lying there)
Kill me, would you? By God you won't, because I am going to kill you first. You say too much, Salvatore Tatti.
(Tomaso looks over toward the mines and then down at Salvatore.) I guess that would be the best way. In the mines, accidents are always hurting and killing the men.
(He addresses the inert figure at his feet.)
Tatti, there's going to be an accident in the mines.

(Marietta reappears in the doorway. It seems almost as though her curriosity and finally gotten the best of her. She acts that way as she carefully peeps out of the door before she opens it.)

MARIETTA

Tomaso----has he gone? Where did he go? (She does not see her father lying in the shadows) What did he say?

TOMASO

(Stolidly)
He was drunk. I told him that we were going to be married.

MARIETTA

Oh Tomaso, what did he say? What did he say?

TOMASO

He went down to the saloon again;----to celebrate.
(Marietta laughs gaily as she snuggles up close to Tomaso)

MARIETTA

But it is late and you must work tomorrow---and you have a long walk over the mountain, Tomaso.

TOMASO

Yes, yes. I must go. Good-bye, Marietta.

MARIETTA

Oh, not "good-bye", Tomaso; just, "good-night".

TOMASO

(Kissing Marietta passionately and then looking over toward the flickering lights of the colliery.)
Good-night, then; Marietta

MARIETTA

(Laughing again)
Oh Tomaso, you are so grand! Good-night.
(She stands at the gate and watches him as he goes down the street. She waves once or twice and laughs joyously as she does so. She does not see her father as he is lying against the fence and she does not see Father David coming around the corner and pass under the light. She comes out of her dream with a start as he speaks.)
Yóu are up late, Marietta.

MARIETTA

(Whirling around at the sound of his voice)
Oh, Father David, you frightened me.

F. DAVID

(Laughing)
You seem happy to be frightened, Marietta.

MARIETTA

I am, very happy, Father David.

F. DAVID

I'll bet there's some lucky boy at the bottom of it all.

MARIETTA

(Laughing and then deliberately changing the subject.)
How was Mrs. Messina when you saw her last?

F. DAVID

I'm just coming from there now. She is much better---much better. I think I have discovered what the trouble with her amounts to, Marietta.

MARIETTA

What, Father David?

F. DAVID

Gus told me today----she is lonesome for the sun and the blue skies of Italy. Tonight when I was down there I talked of Italy and of the sunshine and the green trees ----she seemed to be feeling much, much better when I left.

MARIETTA

She missed the sunshine, too? I thought that she had been here too long to miss it any longer. I thought that I was the only one who missed it enough to be sick for want of it.

F. DAVID

You miss it, Marietta?

MARIETTA

Everybody misses it.-----But I am going back to it soon.

F. DAVID

AH, With the boy who made you happy tonight?

MARIETTA

Yes, I'm going with him.

F. DAVID

Won't you tell me who he is, Marietta?

MARIETTA

No, no. I want to keep it all to myself for a little while. I must be selfish, but I----

F. DAVID

(Cutting in)
Certainly, certainly, Marietta. I guess I'll know soon enough. (He laughs kindly as he starts down the street) I must go now, for tomorrow is another day and there is a lot of work to be done. Good-night, Marietta.

MARIETTA

Good-night, Father David. (He goes)
(Marietta muses to herself as she stands at the door) I could have told him, by this time my father has told everybody in the saloon, I guess. (She opens the door as Gus comes up the street)

GUS

SAY, can you get me a match, Marietta?

MARIETTA

Oh, go on home. (She goes in and slams the door)

GUS

Well I'll be------

QUICK CURTAIN

TOMASO GUIDO

ACT II

SCENE I — Same as ACT I. It is early morning after the events which have taken p place in the preceeding act.

AT RISE:- The early morning light discloses Salvatore still lying against the fence. The street lamp is out and the sun casts a smoky yellow light over the whole scene. By the way the shadows fall we might imagine that the sun is rising off to the right of the house. The sound of voices is heard off stage and they become louder as they apparently draw near. Salvatore stirs restlessly as several men walk past the open gate on their way to work. They are busy talking and do not see him as he lies there. More men walk past and talk loudly with a great deal of laughter and merriment as they proceed. Salvatore is fully awake now and sits up in a dazed sort of way in an effort to find out where he is and why he is there. After a brief period he crawls to his feet and staggers as his head must certainly bother him. He rubs his jaw gingerly and then his back, as it must be stiff after sleeping on the ground all night. Finally he mumbles to himself and goes to the rain-barrel where he splashes water over his head. While he is doing this Agata comes to the door and sees him.

AGATA

(She is dressed in an old greasy-looking blue dress and has her hair hanging in stringy masses over her shoulders. As she speaks to her husband her hands to to her hips in the characteristic fashion.
Well?

SALVATORE

(Starts to speak but only winces as the pain in his jaw prevents him from opening his mouth very wide.)
I'll kill that dirty scum.

AGATA

(Bitterly sarcastic)
Oh, you're gonna kill somebody again, are you? The last time you stayed out you was gonna do the same thing. It's a pity you can't think up some better excuse. It's always somebody else's fault when you stay out all night. What do they do, hold you?

SALVATORE

What do you mean, out all night?

AGATA

I guess you'll stand there and tell me that you wasn't out at all last night.

SALVATORE

I'll kill that guy.

AGATA

What are you talkin' about? You're still drunk, that's what you are.

SALVATORE

Who's still drunk? You're crazy.

AGATA

Why you're still drunk. You can't even stand steady.

SALVATORE

(Rubbing his jaw again)
I was hit in the jaw last night--- -and I'm gonna kill that guy.

AGATA

You should 'o been hit in the jaw-------harder.

SALVATORE

(Infuriated)
Yes, by God, he hit me in the jaw and knocked me down.

AGATA

You was probably so drunk that you couldn't get no further than the gate. When you fell down you hit yer jaw on somethin'----now yer tryin' ter blame it on somebody yer gonna kill. You make me laugh. The last time the guy you was gonna kill walked home from work with you. You ain't foolin' me.

AGATA

There goes the whistle; I hope you get up there before the time-keeper gets around.

SALVATORE

I'll get ther all right---and when I do, when I do---- that dirty cur will pay.

(Salvatore hurries off in the direction taken by the other miners in the early part of the act.)

MARIETTA

(Looking after her father)

What does he mean, he's going to make somebody pay?

AGATA

Don't mind him, Marietta. He ain't been that way for a long time but----the drink does it. He stayed out all night and got good and soused----he ain't able to get home any farther than the gate, there, where he falls down and hits his jaw on the gate or something----like he done once before when he was ashamed of something he done, he tries to make it look like it was something different. The last time he got beat up and he tries to tell me that he fell against the porch; now it looks to me like he fell against something and wants me to think he was beat up. I can't see how these men goes about their figurin'.

MARIETTA

Yes, but he said he was going to make somebody pay?

AGATA

(Laughing knowingly)

Just bluff. Didn't you never see one of the little roosters that fights? They crow when they're licked, don't they? He wants us to think he ain't as bad as he thinks he is, so he crows. He'll work it all outa his system by night.

MARIETTA

(Relieved)

Oh, I thought he was angry at Tomaso.

AGATA

(Sharply)

Why should he be angry at him?

MARIETTA

I don't know. Tomaso told him that we were going to be married and he went down to the saloon to celebrate. I don't know why he would be sore at Tomaso.

AGATA

Did you tell Tomaso about---- about?

MARIETTA

Yes, I told him.

AGATA

And he's going to marry you?

MARIETTA

Yes. And we are going to go back to Italy----to the sunshine, to the sunshine!

AGATA

I'm glad, little Marietta. But Tomaso; did he tell your father that you had to be married----soon?

MARIETTA

OH. No, no. I am sure he didn't tell him that.

AGATA

(Reflectively)
No, I guess he wouldn't tell him that. I wonder why he told him anything at all about it.

MARIETTA

Well, Tomaso and I were talking to each other when he came home. He was drunk and I guess he thought somebody was trying to fool around with me so he yelled at Tomaso. I guess he told him then, so as to make him stop yelling. He stopped, anyway.

AGATA

What did you do? Didn't you stay there?

MARIETTA

No, I went into the house. I was afraid that they would fight.

AGATA

And then he went down to the saloon to drink some more--to celebrate. (She laughs)

MARIETTA

(Laughingly)
Oh, nobody saw me. (She runs into the house)

(Agata stands there looking lovingly after her. She is apparently lost in thought and is rudely interrupted by Gus, who peeks around the corner of the house and whispers--

GUS

Is she gone? I didn't want to be embarrassed, so I stayed behind the house 'till she went.

AGATA

Get out of here, you lazy bum.

GUS

(Retreating to safety behind the lamp-post)
I didn't do nothin', Mrs. Tatti. I didn't do nothin'

AGATA

It's tramps the likes of you that keeps hard workin' men out to all kinds of hours in the night. What gets me is where you get the money to keep yerself filled up to the neck with the booze all the time.

GUS

No I ain't full all the time, nuther. I wouldn't want to be. If I was full all the time I'd never have the pleasure of filling meself up.

AGATA

(Impatiently)
Gus, you ought to be ashamed of yerself, loafin' all the time and drinkin' what the other men pays for. They have to go and dig coal all day long while you set around town.

GUS

Well, I am ashamed of meself, Mrs. Tatti, but I guess I kin bear up under the shame----after all, who cares how I feel? When a man gets along in years he ain't no longer thought of in any kindly way----if he has shame, who cares any, how he is sufferin'?

AGATA

(Thoroughly disgusted with Gus's philosophy)
Go on and get out of here, you're not only loaffin' yerself, but you're keepin' me from doin' my work. Get out.

GUS

Now I didn't mean no harm. Don't let me go away angry, Mrs. Tatti.

AGATA

I don't care how you go away. Anybody that keeps my man out all night can't come around and loaf on my place and try to tell me how bad he feels because he's gettin' old.

GUS

I didn't never keep your man out all night.

AGATA

I guess you wasn't with him last night? I guess you didn't go down the street together last night? Don't try to get out of it, you old tramp.

GUS

Old tramp? Oh my poor feelings. Anyway, Tatti left for home before I did.

AGATA

I can see that all right. I guess you're just gin' home now.

GUS

No, honest Mrs. Tatti, I went home early last night. Why it was before ten when Tatti left and I left soon after. The beer gave out down at the bar-room and everybody left early.

AGATA

You wouldn't leave for no other reason, I guess. Where did my man go after he left here the second time? How could he celebrate without anything to drink?

GUS

Second time? Celebrate? Celebrate what?

AGATA

Don't stand there and tell me that Salvatore didn't blab all around about----- -- --

GUS

About what?

AGATA

None of your business, get out of here before I get a bucket of water for you.

GUS

Hurrying ain't good fer me, but I'm bein' hurried. Nobody cares fer age, nobody cares fer age. (He exits down the street toward the left.)

AGATA

(Looking toward the door of the house she is about to make some remonstrance, when the upstairs window opens and a bundle of bedclothing is thrown across the window-sill to air. Marietta leans out of the window over the bundle she has just put there.
Oh, there you are, I thought you was settin' in there moonin' again.

MARIETTA

Oh no, I don't sit and think about it any more---and worry. I am happy now----oh, so happy.

AGATA

Well, it's a good thing---only don't let it stop ya' from gettin' the work done. Come down here while that stuff is airin' and bring them rugs out here.

MARIETTA

All right, I'll be right out.
(A neighbor-woman walks past on her way down the street. She stops and greets Mrs. Tatti as she passes the idle swinging gate. The woman is carrying a basket and is evidently going down to the store.)

NEIGHBOR

Good mornin' Mrs. Tatti. A nice day.

AGATA

Good mornin' to you. I think it'll get hotter. Ya can't never tell whether it's smoke or clouds hangin' over.

NEIGHBOR

Yes, it certa nly is awful, ain't it. Well, I'm beginnin' to get sort o' used to it now.

AGATA

Yes, you get used to it after a while. Have you heard how old lady Messina is?

NEIGHBOR

Ain't you heard? She was feelin' very low last night and Father David came in and talked of nothin' but Italy. The truth of it is he made her talk to him about it most of the time. She felt so good at bein' able to tell somebody all about the things she remembered back in Italy, that she is settin' up today.

AGATA

That's nice ain't it? I'm glad to hear it.

NEIGHBOR

Yes, I guess she was sick from thinkin' about Italy all the time. She ought to be ashamed of herself fer actin' that way.

AGATA

Ashamed----fer wantin' to go back to where you was happy? I don't think she ought to feel ashamed.

NEIGHBOR

Why her man makes more money than they ever dreamed about in Italy.

AGATA

Money. What good is money if you're so sick fer want of the sunshine that you can't spend it fer nothin' but doctor-bills?

NEIGHBOR

Well, maybe you're right at that. I must be goin' now.

(While they have been talking Marietta has been dragging some strips of rag carpet out into the yard. She stands and listens to the last few speeches made by the women. As the neighbor-woman goes down the street she smiles a greeting to Marietta.)

MARIETTA

Hello.

AGATA

? (Turning to Marietta)
Have you got all the rugs out?

MARIETTA

Yes, I have them all. What were you sayin' about Italy?

AGATA

Oh nothin'. Only old lady Messina is feelin' a lot better today because Father David went down there and t talked to her about the old country. That's what's the matter with her.

MARIETTA

Father David knows a lot more than we think, I guess. He seems to be able to understand things better than anybody else.

AGATA

He sure can see what helps you most. But this ain't gettin' the work done.

(Whistle)
(Agata looks at Marietta. Their glances meet. They stand there motionless for a few moments before the curtain closes.)

TOMASO GUIDO

ACT II

SCENE II

AT RISE:- The scene is a street-corner in the little patch. The fence at the corner is without palings and the two-by-four is worn smooth from the hundreds of times it was used as a seat. There is no-one on the stage. The background can be a part of the same background as is seen in the back-yard scene preceding. Something similar will do.

Gus appears. He is grumblin to himself as he ambles along. At the corner he stops and looks back. His gesture is one of complete and endless pain at being so misunderstood. He fishes around in his pockets for a few moments and then produces his old pipe. He lights it without adventure. As soon as he has it burning well, he hangs his figure over the two-by-four. He is smoking slowly and thoughtfully when one of the villagers pass. The action is taking place at the same time as the preceding scene.

GUS

G'morning.

(The villager nods curtly and walks on. He acts as though he did not want to have anything to do with the old man. Gus looks after him for a few seconds and then spits viciously.)

GUS

Too good to speak to me huh? (He spits again) Well, the older a man gets these days, the worse he is treated. There ain't no respect fer age no more. By damn, I'm gettin' tired of the way I get treated in this place. The only person that feels for me is the priest. He can see that I have ability; never woulda' know'd what was the matter with the old lady if it wasn't fer me.

(While he is talking to himself another old fellow, much in Gus's class, comes along. He greets Gus as though they had not seen each other in years. As soon as he is finished his greeting, he gets out his pipe and bums a pipe full from Gus. He leans on the fence and talks to Gus.)

GUS

H'lo, Joe.

JOE

'Lo, Gus. What er ya grumblin' about? I heerd ya way up the street.

GUS

Grumblin'? Didn't know as I was grumblin'.

JOE

You was grumblin' all right.

GUS

Well, if I was grumblin', it was because I had a dern good reason fer grumblin'.

JOE

Um hum. Say, this is good tobaccy; what is it?

GUS

I don't rightly know meself, Joe. The way they smoke their cigars down past the band nowadays, a body can't tell what it is he's smokin'. There's three Rosa Cubas and seven that I ain't sure of, in this mixture.

It ain't bad, even if I do say it meself.

JOE

I thought I could taste the Rosa Cubas in it.

GUS

I was afraid it wouldn't be right. I got three of the ones I can't tell about the other night while it was rainin' and I had to dry 'em out. Once tobaccy gits wet and the flavor is gone, it ain't much good. I was pretty lucky, I guess, 'cause these weren't so wet as to be all spoiled.

JOE

Yep, you was lucky. This gettin' them on rainy days ain't so good. Ya can't never tell what yer gettin'.

GUS

Say, ya heerd how I helped Father David?

JOE

No, I ain't. You got a job workin' around the church?

GUS

Job! I ain't got no job. I give him some ideas, that's what I done.

JOE

Ideas? What ideas?

GUS

Well, I give him an idea. He was wondering that he should do about old lady Messina and I up and told him that she was lonesome for the old country. He didn't believe me at first but when I told him just how it was he soon seen it my way. It's funny thetway some of these people don't see things the right way.

JOE

I could o' told him that. I know'd she was wantin' the old country.

GUS

Well, why didn't ya? See, it's the fella' that up's and does things that gets places these days.

JOE

I guess yer right, Gus.

GUS

Sure I'm right. The only trouble with this world is that the fella with the brains ain't noticed. Look at how they treat me in this town: like I was a common bum. That's what I was grumblin' about when you come along and heard me.

JOE

Oh.

GUS

Yep. All I did was go past the house and say g'mornin' to her, an' she up and called me a lazy bum. That's what I get fer going around tryin' to spread a little cheer. A fella don't know just right what to do.

JOE

Yer right, Gus.

GUS

O' course I'm right.

JOE

Yup.

GUS

Now you know how the beer give out last night and how the fellas got sore and said that if they didn't get enough beer on hand they wouldn't buy another glass: well, I got blamed fer gettin' a guy drunk last night and there wasn't enough booze in the town to make anybody drunk.

JOE

That's right.

GUS

You know how early Tatti went home last night. Well, this mornin' I was blamed because he didn't get home. I said he went home and his Mrs. said he never showed up. That made me look like a dirty liar, which I ain't.

JOE

Yup.

GUS

She said he went down to the bar to celebrate.

JOE

To celebrate?

GUS

That's just what I said. I asked her what he was going to celebrate. Well sir, you should o' seen the way she shut me up. I ain't found out yet, what it was that he was gonna celebrate.

JOE

Maybe it was his birthday.

GUS

Maybe; I didn't think of that. -- But no, he'ed o' thought of that when he was down at the bar early in the ev nin'.

JOE

That's right. Maybe it was his-- -no, I guess he wouldn't celebrate fer no other reason.

GUS

What I'd like ta know is where he got the booze to make him drunk.

JOE

Was he drunk?

GUS

Sure he was drunk. He spent the night sleepin' against the fence, so his Mrs. told me. I'm only goin' by what she said.

JOE

We might as well make up our minds that he got some likker someplace else.

GUS

Hell! That's what I been tellin' you all along.

JOE

Uh, huh.

GUS

That's the part that bother's me; I figger these things out and all the time there is somebody else who is ready to claim 'em. Next thing I know I'll be losin' the credit fer tellin Father David about the old lady. The way Mrs. Tatti treated me this morning was awful. I can hardly bear up under the pain of it.

JOE

Yep.

GUS

Ya know, Joe, I don't get half the respect around here as I should.

JOE

That's what I think, Gus.

(Their conversation is broken off by the tooting of the whistle. Gus hops off the fence and thrust's his lighted pipe into his pocket. It burns him and he pulls it out and empties it.)

GUS

C'mon. Somebody's hurt up at the colliery. Maybe we kin help.

(Gus and Joe run off the stage. The whistle keeps on tootin until they have disappeared from sight. The curtain closes as they go.)

ACT II
SCENE III

AT RISE — The Stage is completely dark. The tunnel of a mine is represented. Two men push a small mine car along the tunnel. Their lights reflect weirdly on the walls and roof of the tunnel. They plod along, pushing the car slowly, until they have disappeared from sight. Another individual comes along the tunnel. He is carrying a light besides the one on his hat. He has a crow-bar and prods the timbering as he goes along. In the middle of the set he prods a place and quite a bit of debris comes down on him. He calls out in excitement and several miners run down the tunnel. Their lights make a grotesque light. Tomaso is one of the miners.

INSPECTOR

Here, you; (he points to Tomaso) Go out and get some timber to fix this place. (He points out another of the men) You stay here and see that nobody gets hurt around here by any of that roof fallin' in. Keep 'em away.

MINER

Keep 'em away, uh.

INSPECTOR

An' for God's sake don't fool around that pole there. If anybody knocks that out the whole damn' roof will come in.

The miner looks at the ceiling speculatively. The other miners depart with the inspector. Another figure comes along the tunnel. It is Salvatore. The watching miner peers at him so that the light of his lamp shines directly in Salvatore's face. It is essential that the audience knows and recognizes the characters, Tomaso and Salvatore.

MINER

Hey, Watch out there! Keep away from this side; bad timberin'. (He peers at Salvatore) Oh, hello, Tatti. I didn't know it was you. Sa-a-a-y, where did you get the swell jaw?

Salvatore rubs his jaw as though to make sure that it was really sore.

SALVATORE

Uh-h, I fell down last night. Hit it on th' dam' fence.

MINER

Drunk?

SALVATORE

Naaw. Say, what's wrong here?

MINER

Rotten timberin'. I'm watchin' it 'till young Guido comes back with some timber to butt it up. It's bad now.

Salvatore goes over to the other side of the tunnel and gets close to the key timber. The miner shouts at him.

MINER

Hey! Keep away from that! That's the one that's bad.

SALVATORE

Oh. It's this one that's bad.

MINER

I don't trust them rotten timbers none. They're liable ta bust in on ya any old time. Wonder what's keepin' young Tomaso. Say, what er you gonna do today? Better not be loafin' here if the foreman comes along.

SALVATORE

The inspector sent me over here to help fix up. I don't see you doin' nothin' ta break yer back.

MINER

All right, all right. Say, will ya stay here and watch while I go down on the next level and get me lunch-bucket? I left it down there, thinkin' I was gonna come back.

SALVATORE

Go ahead; I'll watch.

MINER

Thanks. I'll be right back. He ought to be here by the time I get the lunch-can.

SALVATORE

Uh-huh.

As soon as the miner leaves Salvatore goes to the post in question and tests it very gently. There is an immediate shower of small stones and dirt. Salvatore leaps back. Off down the tunnel there is the sound of a car approaching. The same sound as that made by the car in the first part of the scene. Tomaso appears, pushing acar with some timber in it. He does not see Salvatore at first as he is busy throwing the timber off of the car. The vibrations cause more small stones to drop and Salvatore moves away from the immediate spot. Tomaso sees him as he moves. There is visible agitation on the part of Tomaso.

TOMASO

Here, give me a hand with this timber.

SALVATORE

You hit me in the jaw last night.

TOMASO

Let it down easy, you dam' fool; if you shake too much the roof'll be in on both ofus.

Both men look at the roof speculatively. They both seem to harbor ideas of some kind.

SALVATORE

Who's a dam' fool! What's the idea goin' with my kid when ya got a wife o' yer own?

TOMASO

Aw shut up. Who's goin' with yer kid.

SALVATORE

Yo hit me in the jaw last night. I've a notion ta sink this pick inta yer dam' skull.

Salvatore advances threateningly with his pick.

TOMASO

Go ahead. In this country they treat murderers pretty bad. Go ahead and sink the pick inta my head if ya want to; ya ain't got the guts.

SALVATORE

Well you stay away from my kid. I ain't gonna have her spoiled by any yella cur like you.

TOMASO

What can you do about it. If she wants to see me you ain't gonna stop her.

SALVATORE

Ain't I though! I guess you told her you were married; I guess you told her that the first thing. I guess you told her your wife was gonna have a kid. I guess ya told her that! Like hell ya did! I can't stop it, huh! By God I'll tell her all about you. I guess she won't see you so much when she knows all about you.

TOMASO

Tell her. Tell her the first chance you get.

The other miner comes in and Tomaso and Salvatore stop talking for a few moments. The miner sets his can down and looks from one to the other of the men. Finally he speaks.

MINER

What is there fer me ta do around here?

TOMASO

Push that car out. It'll be in the way when we go to put up the timbers.

MINER

All right. Will ya want me back?

TOMASO

Suit yerself. We'll be needin' help ta put up these timbers.

The miner looks at the weak-spot for a minute; spits, and then slowly pushes the car away. He shouts over his shoulder.

MINER

I'll be back.

TOMASO

Cut this off while I measure fer the upright.

SALVATORE

Don't boss me around.

Salvatore cuts away at the end of one of the timbers. Tomaso approaches the bad timber and measures it with a piece of rope. When he has done this he lays the rope along one of the logs and makes a mark.

TOMASO

Who's bossin' you?

SALVATORE

Well, yer tryin' dam' hard to.

Tomaso goes again to the weak timber and ties the end of the rope to the bottom of it. He takes the other end and moves slightly away. Salvatore has been watching him like a cat.

SALVATORE

What are ya doin' ther!

TOMASO

Listen, you. Don't you move an inch or I'll pull this rope and send you to hell. I want to talk to you.

SALVATORE

I'll kill you, you dam' ---

TOMASO

Stay there; stay there.

Salvatore crouches like an animal ready to spring but he does not move.

SALVATORE

What do you want to say to me, you dirty rat.

TOMASO

Listen, you; before you tell your kid anything, I want to tell you few things. D'ya hear me? I'm gonna take yer girl away with me. I'm gonna leave here and go back to Italy. You're the only one that knows enough about me to stop me, see, an' you're gonna be killed in a mine. accident. Wait a minute! Don't you try anything or I'll pull the rope. Somethin' else I'll tell you before I send you to hell; something' fer ya ta think about on the way:

Tomaso throws his head back and laughs violently, without mirth. As he does this Salvatore leaps at him. The leap is short but Salvatore grabs at the rope and tries to pull it away from Tomaso. The sudden pull takes Tomaso by surprise and pulls him off balance. The two men grapple. As they roll around on the floor of the tunnel their lights make curious flashings on the ceiling and sides of the tunnel. They are fighting for the rope. Tomaso rolls over and gets on top of Salvatore. He holds him by the throat as he breathes hard. When he gets his breath he continues.

TOMASO

Now listen, Damn you.

SALVATORE

Let me up! Don't kill me! Don't kill me; I won't ever say a word.

TOMASO

You lie! Now listen to me.

SALVATORE

Let me up.

TOMASO

Listen to this: ver kid is gonna have a child. Ya get it? She's gonna have a child; and it's mine.

Salvatore makes another desperate struggle to free himself. The struggle gets them closer to the rope and to the weak post. Salvatore gets hold of the rope.

SALVATORE

Let me go or I'll pull this and we'll both to to hell together.

TOMASO

Drop that rope.

Tomaso starts to choke Salvatore so that he will have to let the rope go. Salvatore gags and lets out a terrible scream as he pulls the rope. Their lights go out and there is a terrific crash as the roof of the tunnel comes in. A few yells of agony in the darkness and then the excited cries of other miners. Out of the din comes the shout:

Get the ambulance, quick!

The curtain closes.

ACT II
SCENE IV

AT RISE: The same scene is discovered as it was left at the end of Scene I. The curtain opens on Gus and Joe as they are running to the mine; it also opens on the scene in the back-yard and finds Agata and Marietta listening to the whistle. The toot-ing of the whistle holds everything together until the action starts. As soon as the first woman runs past the whistle stops blowing. The curtain closes immediately on the scene vacated by Gus and Joe. Agata stands there listening. Marietta is not so tense. One gets the feeling that she is not frightened; that she will not have the worry that the others have; that she has more confidence then they. A woman runs past. She is staring straight ahead as she runs and has but one idea in mind; to find out who was hurt.

MARIETTA

Shall I run down and see?

AGATA

No, if it is Salvatore, they will come and tell me; if it is anyone else ---- we will find that out in time, too.

MARIETTA

Oh, I hope ---

AGATA

There you go again. It ain't Tomaso; he's no fool to take chances. What I'm afraid of is Salvatore. He went away from here achin' fer a fight and when yer upset like that, I guess maybe ya don't take the care ya ought to in the mines. What I'm afraid is that it's him.

MARIETTA

Mother.

AGATA

What is it, child?

MARIETTA

If anything has happened to Tomaso, oh if anything has, you will never tell a soul, will you? You will never tell a single soul who the father of my baby is, will you?

AGATA

No one will ever know, Marietta. But what are you talking about? Your boy is all right.

MARIETTA

Oh, I hope so, but I have the most awful feeling. Mother, I don't feel right; I feel as though ---

AGATA

Hush, child. You mustn't let your mind have such notions.

Another woman goes past. She has her sleeves rolled up and there is flour on her hands. She has evidently left her baking to see who is was that was injured. She calls as she goes.

WOMAN

Ain't ya goin' down ta see who was hurt? Ya never can tell when it might be yer own.

The woman goes on. Gus and Joe run past without even turning around. Joe is behind Gus as they run.

MARIETTA

What did she say?

AGATA

She said, "You never can tell when it might be yer own."

MARIETTA

Oh.

AGATA

She's right: but it don't help none to go down there and wait. If it's yer own, what do ya want ta see them all crushed and broken for? It don't do no good. Anyway, it ain't so far to run if it is one of yer own and they want ya.

Another woman goes past. She is carrying a broom which she has forgotten to put down when the whistle started to blow. She is carrying it with her. She is carrying it with her. She demands as she passes:

WOMAN

Who was hurt?

AGATA

I don't know.

WOMAN

Ya don't seem very anxious ta find out, either.

MARIETTA

They want us to run along with them. It is part of their life.

AGATA

Yes, part of their life. Working all day: waiting all night; and running every time the whistle blows to see whether their men were the unlucky ones.

MARIETTA

Yes.

AGATA

And if they weren't then their life goes on the same, and they are happy.

MARIETTA

And if they were?

AGATA

Then they keep on doing the same thing that they did before their men was taken from them. It is always the same.

MARIETTA

Here comes one of the women back.

AGATA

She is going back to her work. Her husband was not hurt.

The woman passes. As she nears the spot where Agata and Marietta are standing she starts as though shocked and then looks at the two women fixedly as she passes. She does not say a word.

MARIETTA

Why did she look at us that way? Mother; do you think ---

AGATA

I don't know what to think. I'm afraid, Marietta.

MARIETTA

Oh, it isn't that. He is all right. But why did that woman look at us that way? Why did she do it?

AGATA

There is something wrong, Marietta.

MARIETTA

Why did that woman look at us like that?

AGATA

I guess because we did not go down to see who it was that was hurt.

MARIETTA

No, it was not that.

AGATA

You think Salvatore was hurt?

MARIETTA

Yes, I do.

AGATA

I was afraid. I had a feeling.

MARIETTA

I had the same feeling; a feeling that something terrible had happened. That woman looked at us as though she pitied us; that was the reason.

AGATA

Don't say so, Marietta; but I'm afraid.

MARIETTA

Here comes some more people. We will ask them. Maybe we are wrong. It may be that we are just worried and feel this way because we are scared.

Two or three women appear. They are talking busily and excitedly. As they approach the corner they are all silent. Marietta clasps her mother.

AGATA

It's true, Marietta. It's true.

MARIETTA

(speaking to the women) Who was it that was hurt? Was it my father?

The women all nod slowly as they watch the reaction on the two grief-stricken women. One replies.

WOMAN

Yes, you poor child, it was your father.

AGATA

I knew it. I felt it ever since he left the house this morning. Was he hurt bad? Don't tell me he was crushed bad.

The women stand there dumbly looking on. Finally one answers.

WOMAN

Hurt bad? Oh God, Mrs. Tatti, your man was killed.

Agata drops her hands limply to her sides. Marietta utters a torn little cry which seems to bring her mother back to the terrible facts at hand. She walks slowly to the fence and leans heavily upon it.

AGATA

Killed? Salvatore is dead?

WOMAN

Yes, your husband is dead.

Agata, as though realizing the truth for the first time, moans in an awfully heart-sick way. She looks toward the heavens and wrings her hands. Marietta helps, or rather leads her to the porch-step where she sits beside her mother and comforts her. As she weeps the women who were there stare dumbly; whisper to each other and then walk slowly away. One turns and comes back. She is about to speak when another woman comes along.

2ND WOMAN

(after looking pityingly at the two sad women on the steps.) Poor souls. There ain't anything we kin do for them, though.

WOMAN

There might be; that's why I came back. Who was the other one?

2ND WOMAN

I don't know. All I wait to see is whether it's any of mine; if it ain't, then it ain't my worry.

Marietta has stood up and walked slowly to the fence. She does not lean on it but gives the impression that she would like to do so very much. She speaks slowly and in a manner that would suggest that she was afraid that they would answer her question.

MARIETTA

There was somebody else hurt? You don't know who it was?

WOMAN

Poor child. I do believe she is actin' funny because of this.

2ND WOMAN

Her father is the only one she knoww, that works in the mines. She must be takin' it pretty hard.

Agata has been sitting there with her chin in her hands, looking far away. She has not heard the conversation at the fence.

MARIETTA

Oh God. Mother, they say that there was another one. I wonder, I wonder.

AGATA

(dully; still staring straight ahead) That couldn't be, Marietta. God is not so cruel as that.

Gus and Joe come in. They have just come from the mine. Gus has brought Salvatore's lunch pail. Agata takes it and weeps bitterly once more.

MARIETTA

Gus, there was somebody else?

GUS

Yes. It was a bad accident. Your father and this other fellow; both killed. When they dug 'em out the one was lavin' over the other one. Looked as though the younger one tried to save Salvatore by throwin' hisself over him when the rocks came down.

MARIETTA

Both killed?

GUS

Uh-huh, both of 'em.

WOMAN

(aside to the other woman) Look at her, she's upset.

2ND WOMAN

It seems that way.

GUS

Well, I'm goin' over the mountain; there's gonna be somethin' to do over there.

WOMAN

What do you mean?

GUS

This other fella that was killed; he lives over there. I gotta go over to see kin I help with anything.

WOMAN

Who was it? What was his name?

GUS

A young Eyetalian. Guido; Toamso Guido.

Marietta holds her head for a moment and then cries in her mother's lap. The conversation goes on.

WOMAN

Oh, he's the one that married the American girl a couple o' months ago.

Marietta has heard and is sitting upright; straining every nerve to hear what the women are saying. Agata is slowly, nervously patting her on the back. The women continue.

2ND WOMAN

Now that's real sad. Only married a coupla months.

GUS

C'mon Joe. We gotta be gettin' over there. They need somethin' done an' we might be able to help out.

Marietta has stood up. She is leaning against the porch-post and is still straining to hear the conversation.

WOMAN

What could he do over there?

2ND WOMAN

Nothin'. He's just curious; that's all.

WOMAN

They tell me that she is expectin' a baby. Maybe it isn't her. They were talkin' the other day about it. I didn't listen very careful because I didn't know nothin' about them.

2ND WOMAN

It's her, all right. She's gonna have a child. This will be hard on her.

WOMAN

Awful hard.

Marietta has let go of the porch-post and is swaying drunkenly. Her mother is watching her dumbly. The terrific truth has stunned them both. With a catching, half-sigh, half-cry, Marietta falls to the floor of the porch. Her mother tries to help her and only half succeeds in breaking her fall. The women give exclamations and both run into the yard.

2ND WOMAN

Look! The poor child has fainted.

WOMAN

I thought she was actin' sort of funny.

2ND WOMAN

We shoulda been watchin'.

WOMAN

It's funny it took so long fer her to faint.

2ND WOMAN

Well, some people're different than others.

While they are talking, the one goes and helps Agata with Marietta while the other gets the basin off the nail and fills it from the rainbarrel. She is coming toward Marietta when the curtain closes.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT III
SCENE I

AT RISE: Twenty years later than the end of Act II. The scene is laid in the corner of the parlor in Marietta's home. The furniture is very plain and well-worn. Although there is no suggestion of poverty, it can plainly be seen that there is not a great deal of money. Marietta is discovered. She is lighting an old Rayo kerosene lamp and fixing it in the centre of the table. Beside the table there is an easy-chair and another one not so easy. The rest of the furniture is non-essential. Marietta is surprisingly like her old self. She talks more slowly and thoughtfully, moves a little bit slower so that we get the feeling that she is plodding, rather than walking. She fixed her hair in a more mature manner and smiles very rarely. After she has finished lighting the lamp she seats herself in the easy-chair and starts to darn socks. She is working at this when a door closes in another part of the house and there is the sound of whistling. Marietta looks in the direction and calls.

MARIETTA

Jackie?

JACKIE

Enters from the right. He is a lad of about twenty or nineteen. He resembles Tomaso Guido in his mannerisms but in feature he is nothing like his father. He is a fine chap, full of fine personality and very fond of his mother as is demonstrated by his action toward her when he comes in. He gives her chair a sudden rock and then grins at her.

What do you want?

MARIETTA

I just wanted to make sure it was you.

JACKIE

(laughingly) Well, now who else would it be?

MARIETTA

(sighing) Oh, I don't know: nobody, I guess.

JACKIE

(seriously) Come now, Mother. You are always sad. You don't want to be like that. Pep up a little and forget all your troubles.

MARIETTA

Forget my troubles, Jackie? I guess there is not much chance of that.

JACKIE

I'll bet you could forget 'em in a minute if you were in Italy.

MARIETTA

Maybe, but Italy is far away and I guess I'll never see it again. I used to think I might look down on it from heaven some day, but I guess I won't be able to do even that, now.

JACKIE

If you'd go to church; if you'd stop blaming God for all your trouble, Mother, you'd ---

MARIETTA

Stop! I used to go to church. I used to crawl at the feet of the Almighty God; until I got kicked. I crawled until I got kicked. When I needed help: when I needed Him most, he kicked me. Go back and crawl again! Go back again to be kicked and tossed out of the way! Never.

JACKIE

Aw Mother.

MARIETTA

Listen, boy. I was pulled away from my home; I trusted snd loved a man and --- it was then I thought I would go back and begin again; forget all this dirt and start my life again. It was then that I was brutally kicked by the very God I turned to for help. When my mother died I needed her more than I had ever needed her before. I will not crawl any more.

JACKIE

I believe in God.

MARIETTA

I believe in God myself; enough to keep out of reach. I never took you to be baptised when you were a baby; I forbid it when you were a young boy; all I can do now is to tell you that you are foolish to put faith in anything.

JACKIE

Hugo says I ought to be baptised.

MARIETTA

Hugo says! What right has he to say ------ anything.

JACKIE

I wish you wouldn't act that way toward Hugo. He's the only one who ever treats me decently. When we were kids together he always took my part when the others threw stones at me and called me names. Why don't you like Hugo?

MARIETTA

(sullenly) I don't know. I guess because I hated his father.

JACKIE

You hated his father! Why Tomaso Guido lost his life trying to save your father.

MARIETTA

(coldly) So he did.

With an air of finality she resumes her mending. Jackie sits there looking off into space for a moment and then breaks the silence.

JACKIE

Mother.

MARIETTA

What?

JACKIE

How would you like to go back to Italy?

MARIETTA

Why ask me a question li e that? You know how much I want to go back.

JACKIE

How long would it take to get ready?

MARIETTA

What are you talking about? I'm homesick enough without you talking about going back.

JACKIE

Could you get ready in a week?

MARIETTA

I could get ready in a minute. Now don't talk about it anymore.

She resumes her sewing again.

JACKIE

Mother.

MARIETTA

What is it now?

JACKIE

We are going back to Italy.

MARIETTA

What!

JACKIE

We are going back to Italy.

MARIETTA

Where are we going to get the money?

JACKIE

I have the money.

MARIETTA

You have the money! Where did you get it?

JACKIE

I saved it; ---- so that we could go to Italy.

MARIETTA

You saved so that we could go back! Oh Jackie -- and you never told me a thing about it.

JACKIE

Yes, I thought I'd surprise you.

MARIETTA

You have enough so that we can go? --- right away.

JACKIE

We can leave as soon as you want to.

Marietta stands up and looks toward the sky. She is crying and smiling at the same time.

MARIETTA

Oh God, forgive me.

Jackie stands there, hanging his head slightly. Marietta bustles around and finally goes out of the room saying:

I'll have to get some things ready.

Jackie stands there looking after her for a moment and then half-interestedly picks up a book that is lying on the table. He is just sitting down when there is a whistle outside. Jackie puts the book on the table and goes out. He returns in a moment with Hugo. Hugo resembles Tomaso very much.

JACKIE

Hello, Hugo. I didn't think I'd see you anymore today.

HUGO

I came over to borrow that book you were telling me about. I finished the one I was reading and felt like reading some more. Gosh, won't it be great when we get out of this and away to school?

JACKIE

I'm not going to school.

HUGO

Not going to school? What's the matter? We've planned it for years. Ha, Ha, you're a great joker!

JACKIE

No, I'm not going to school. I'm going to Italy.

HUGO

Jackie! You're crazy. You don't know anything about Italy. You don't really want to go there.

JACKIE

My mother has wanted to go every minute that she has been in this country. It is her home; I'm going to take her to it: back to the place she was dragged away from so long ago.

HUGO

But you are leaving your home to do it. Don't you see that?

JACKIE

Yes, but I can always come back. It won't be hard to come back. Sometime I will come back again----to stay.

HUGO

That's probably what your mother said before she left Italy. Have you told her you had the money to take her back?

JACKIE

Yes, She is packing some things now.

HUGO

You are going right away!

JACKIE

There isn't any use staying around, is there?

HUGO

No, I guess not, Jackie, I think you are foolish to do it.

JACKIE

Over there they won't know me. I won't have to act ashamed all the time.

HUGO

You wouldn't have to act that way here. The people all like you, Jackie. You never give them a chance to speak to you.

JACKIE

Let's not talk about it, Hugo. Here's the book.

HUGO

Thanks, Jackie. I guess I won't take it. If you are going so soon, I will not be finished with it and you will want to take it with you.

JACKIE

I don't think we will be leaving so soon as that.

HUGO

I don't feel like reading any more tonight anyway. Thanks, Jackie. I guess I'll run along. See you at work tomorrow.

JACKIE

So-long.

Hugo goes out. Jackie sits down on the chair and looks straight ahead of him for a moment before he puts his head on his knees in utter dejection. He is sitting thus when Marietta comes in.

MARIETTA

Jackie!

JACKIE

(sitting up suddenly) Yes.

MARIETTA

I have my old dresses packed.

CURTAIN.

ACT III
SCENE II

AT RISE: The same old kitchen in Guido's home that we saw twenty years ago. It is changed a little. The table is different and the general color-scheme is not the same. Bertha is drying some pots from the supper. She is humming as she works. The door opens and Hugo walks in followed by Father David, whom he calls to follow him. Father David has not changed greatly. After all, twenty years is not a great length of time to a man of seventy.

HUGH

Come in, Father David.

Fr. DAVID

Thank you, Hugo. Good-evening, Mrs. Guido.

BERTHA

Good-evening, Father. Won't you go into the parlor?

Fr. DAVID

No, thank you, I'll stay right here. Hugh tells me he has something bothering him and I'd rather be inside than standing about on these cool nights. What is it you wanted, Hugo?

HUGO

It's about Jackie.

Fr. DAVID

Jackie?

HUGO

Yes, Marietta's son.

Fr. DAVID

Yes, surely. What is the trouble with him?

HUGO

Well, we: ---- I don't know what to say. I want you to talk to him.

Fr. DAVID

Why yes, I'll talk to him, if I can. What do you want me to say to him?

HUGO

Oh, he's making a very foolish move and I think if you spoke to him it might make him change his mind.

Fr. DAVID

What is he going to do, Hugo.

HUGO

Well, you see, about five years ago, when we were just kids, we decided to go away to school together. Without any more talking about it we began to save our money, as much as we could, so that we could go. We have enough now and we were going this Fall. Tonight Jackie told me that he was going to take his mother back to Italy with his money.

BERTHA

Well, now that's very selfish of her.

HUGO

No, she didn't know he had the money. She didn't know, doesn't know now, that he wanted to go to school.

Fr. DAVID

Poor Marietta.

HUGO

What do you mean, 'poor Marietta'?

Fr. DAVID

Her life has been very difficult.

BERTHA

So it ought to be: she won't even let the poor boy join the church.

Fr. DAVID

I wouldn't say that, Mrs. Guido. She was a good girl; I knew her when she first came to this country. I remember one night, I was coming home from a call, when I saw her. I'll never forget her radiant happiness. She told me that night that she was going to be married. She had just left her lover.

BERTHA

What ever happened to him?

Fr. DAVID

She said she was going to go back to Italy to live. The next day her father was killed in the mines. I have never seen her happy since then.

BERTHA

Some say that she went a little crazy from the shock. I've talked to some of the ones that were right there.

Fr. DAVID

That might possibly be, but at any rate her lover never returned and she has wanted to go back to Italy ever since. If I could only do something for her; she believes that God has deliberately mistreated her.

BERTHA

That's awful.

HUGO

Will you try to make him go to school instead of going to Italy, Father?

Fr. DAVID

I'll talk to him, Hugo, and try to help him to decide on what is the right thing to do.

HUGO

Jackie vants to join the church, Father. He's afraid to, because his mother feels the way she does about God. He's afraid that she will think he does not care for her or something.

Fr. DAVID

When I speak to him, I will talk to him about the church, too, Hugo. Marietta shouldn't try to keep him out of the church.

BERTHA

The poor woman, she can't help acting that way. If I had all the bad luck she had, I guess I'd be a little upset in my head too.

Fr. DAVID

We will see what can be done. I hope I can see Jackie soon.

HUGO

It is necessary to see him soon. Father, they are getting ready to go already.

Fr. DAVID

Oh, I had no idea it was to be so soon. Where can I see the boy? I know that Marietta would not let me talk to him at her house; she won't let me come near; I've tried that.

HUGO

You could meet him as he goes to work, Father. That way he would not suspect that I had asked you to talk to him.

Fr. DAVID

That's a good idea; I'll do that tomorrow. Now I must be going.

HUGO

Thank you, Father.

Fr. DAVID

Oh, don't worry about that, Hugo. Good-night.

HUGH AND BERTHA

Good-night.

Father David goes. Bertha turns to Hugo and speaks to him.

BERTHA

Hugo, you shouldn't bother yourself so much about those people. They don't mean nothin' to us. Come now, let's get to bed--I've got to go over the mountain tomorrow.

CURTAIN

TOMASO GUIDO

ACT III

SCENE 3

AT RISE:- The same corner that Gus and Joe had their conversation in the second act. There, again, are slight changes that do not alter the scene as to render it unrecognizable. It is early in the morning and when the curtain goes up there is nobody to be seen. It is up for a minute before Father David saunters by. He crosses the stage slowly and then returns. He does this once or twice before Jackie appears. Jackie is dressed for work in the mines. He carries the same sort of lunch-pail and bottle that were used in the other scenes. Father David addresses him.

F. DAVID

Good-mornin, Jackie.

JACKIE

Good-morning, Father David.

F. DAVID

I've been waiting for you, Jackie, I wanted to talk to you.

JACKIE

Wanted to talk to me? What about?

F. DAVID

You have a right to be surprised, my boy.

JACKIE

What did you want me for, Father David?

F. DAVID

Two things, Jackie. The first is concerned with your going to Italy.

JACKIE

How did you know that I was going to Italy? Hugo told you. He was the only one who knew and my mother has been too busy packing to have told any body.

F. DAVID

Yes, Hugo told me. Boy, are you sure you want to go to Italy?

JACKIE

Did Hugo ask you to come to me and persuade me not to go to Italy?

F. DAVID

I'm not going to persuade you not to go to Italy.

JACKIE

I beg your pardon. You see, I have the feeling that everybody is going to try to stand in the way of our going so that when anybody even mentions it I am on the defensive; at least I think I am. You are the first who mentioned it and I was, so I guess I am.

F. DAVID

Why are you on the defensive?

JACKIE

Because my mother has had such bad luck all her life that I must be on the alert or something will spoil her happiness again and destroy everything. She actually thanked God, last night, for helping her.

F. DAVID

You think that taking her back is the best thing you could do?

JACKIE

It's the only thing I can do.

F. DAVID

Why don't you go along with Hugo to school?

JACKIE

(Acts quite disturbed but soon recovers and replies rather testily.)
Because I am going to Italy with my mother.

F. DAVID

Well, boy, I'm glad you are determined. Your mother has had a terrible life and she deserves to have the one thing that she has wanted ver since she came here. I know how she feels. It took a tramp to tell me though. It makes them sick, boy. She is sick for her home.

JACKIE

Thank you for feeling that way, Father David.

F. DAVID

You have never seen your mother happy, Jackie. In the days right after she came here from Italy she was unhappy but there were times when she was filled with spirit and beauty. Bitterness never touched her then.

JACKIE

Father David.

F. DAVID

What is it, Jackie.

JACKIE

Do you know who my father was,----or is?

F. DAVID

No, boy, I don't. I do know that your mother was going to marry someone and that something happened to prevent it. She was going to go back to Italy to be married; she told me that.

JACKIE

I see.

F. DAVID

Jackie, why don't you join the church?

JACKIE

I want to; my mother asked me not to do it. Maybe after last night she will change her mind. She was happy last night, Father, very happy.

F. DAVID

She had reason to be, Jackie. I'd like to have you as one of us before you go away, boy.

JACKIE

I will, Father; I want to. Will tonight be all right? It is nearly time for work now, or I would go now.

F. DAVID

Tonight will be excellent, Jackie. I will look forward to seeing you then.

JACKIE

I must go now, Father. It is late. I will be late to work. I will see you tonight.

F. DAVID

Good-bye, boy.

JACKIE

Good-bye.

(Jackie goes off the stage in the direction of the mine. Father David looks after him as he disappears. The Father mutters to himself as he stands there.)

F. DAVID

A fine lad. I am glad for Marietta's sake that she can at last be happy.

(As Father David istalking to himself and watching the departure of Jackie, Marietta comes in from the other side. She is carrying a big box. She is smiling all over her face as she sets it down by the pastor and wipes the sweat from her brow with her apron.)

MARIETTA

Good-morning, Father.

(Father David is startled. He turns around suddenly and is still more surprised to see her.)

F. DAVID

Good-morning to you, Marietta. I was just this minute thinking about you. I saw your boy and was watching him as he went along.

MARIETTA

He's a fine boy.

F. DAVID

He certainly is. Say, what are you doing out so early in the morning with such a big box?

(Father David asks this in such a way that it would look as though he was teasing Marietta. Her happiness decides

him and he carries on the masked ignorance so that she will have the pleasure of telling him of her good fortune.

MARIETTA

(Laughingly enigmatic)
Oh, I have some things to put in it. Some things I'm going to send away.

F. DAVID

Oh, I see. I thought that you were going to move, at least, with such a big box.

MARIETTA

Father David, you'd never guess in a hundred years why I need this box.

F. DAVID

I'm a pretty good guesser, you know.

MARIETTA

Well, guess.

F. DAVID

Well, it looksto me as though you might be getting ready to go back to Italy. Is that a pretty good guess?

MARIETTA

Oh, you must have known. Did Jackie tell you? Yes; he must have; you were just talking to him.

F. DAVID

Yes, Jackie told me. I think that it is wonderful that you are finally going back. You will be happier over there.

MARIETTA

Happier. That's right, I'll be happier over there.

F. DAVID

I've never forgotten what you said to me that night, so long ago, about going back. I have not seen you a great deal since then. When I came to see you would always be away or unwilling to talk to me.

MARIETTA

I know, Father David, I had lost faith. I could not believe that a God would treat me or anybody else so badly.

F. DAVID

You believe that God has forgotten you now?

MARIETTA

No, I am ashamed of the way I acted. I hope that I can undo the wrong I have done in not letting Jackie do what he wanted to do.

F. DAVID

I understand how you feel. Marietta, I think that everything will turn out all right; Jackie is coming to see me tonight.

MARIETTA

To join the church?

F. DAVID

Yes. He told me how he had saved his money and how he was going to take you back to Italy where you would be happy. Back to where you have always wanted to go. He told me how you had thanked God for the good fortune and said he thought that you believed once more in the things you gave up! He told me that he thought you would not care whether he joined.

MARIETTA

I'm glad he's doing it.

F. DAVID

Yes, so am I. You are leaving soon, Marietta?

MARIETTA

Just as soon as I can get ready to go.

F DAVID

Do you think Jackie will like Italy?

MARIETTA

Oh, yes. He always likes to hear me talk about Italy.

F. DAVID

That is nice. You two will be very happy, I know. Are you going back to your old home?

MARIETTA

Yes, back to the old home.

F. DAVID

Will they remember you?

MARIETTA

(Hesitating a moment.)
Yes, I guess they will remember me. They will like Jackie, too; I know they will.

F. DAVID

They certainly will. Are you coming with him tonight?

MARIETTA

Yes, I will come along with him tonight. We will do what we should have done twenty years ago.

F. DAVID

That is true, Marietta. I will be waiting for you both. I must go now, and I guess you are very anxious to go ahead with your packing.

MARIETTA

Yes, there is a lot to be done. Good-bye, Father.

F. DAVID

Good-bye, Marietta; until tonight.

(Marietta picks up her burden and starts off thestage. Father David is about to disappear in the opposite direction when the whistle, the same that blew for the ambulance twenty years before, starts its ominous tooting. Father David stops and listens. Marietta stops and turns a terror stricken face toward the sound and then toward Father David. She sets the packing-case down and clutches her hands over her heart.)

(Father David soeaks.)

F. DAVID

Somebody has been injured. I had better go and see what there is to be done.

MARIETTA

Somebody has been injur d.

F. DAVID

Marietta!

MARIETTA

It is Jackie.

F. DAVID

No!

MARIETTA

I know that it is Jackie. I can feel it. I could feel it twenty years ago, when-----

F. DAVID.

You are wrong, Marietta.

MARIETTA

I am right. My heart tells me that I am right.

F. DAVID

No.

MARIETTA

We will go and see.

(The two hurry off. For a moment after they have gone the curtain remains open. The packing-case has been left behind. It seems to stand out, as it sets on the sidewalk. The curtain slowly closes.

END OF SCENE THREE

TOMASO GUIDO

ACT III

SCENE 4

AT RISE:- It is a few moments after Marietta and the Priest have left the preceeding scene. On the right ther is the entrance to the mine. There are miners about, seeming to try to do things but being utterly useless. There is a buzz of excited chatter and impatient gestures of expectation. There is the sound of a gong. Two white-figured men enter with a stretcher. The crowd breaks and the two men enter the tunnel. Someone gives a direction.

About fifty feet in, doctor. We left him there.

(Women begin to arrive. Again we see the evidences of unfinished work dropped to give the worried women a chance to come to see whether their loved ones have been injured. Bertha comes in. There are quite a few people there when Marietta and the priest arrive. There are excited questionings as to who the injured one is, before they come in.

MINER

Was he hurt bad?

2nd MINER

Pretty bad. Should o' know'd better 'n to run in there like that.

MINER

Well, he saved the other guy, didn't he?

WOMAN

Who was it, oh, who was it?

MINER

Marietta's kid.

BERTHA

Who?

MINER

Jackie; Marietta's boy. He tried to save another fellow and got hurt bad doin' it.

BERTHA

Who did he try to save?

MINER

I don't know.

2nd MINER

Your boy, mum.

BERTHA

Will he live?

MINER

He's hurt pretty-------here's the priest!

(Marietta and the priest come in. The priest goes up to one of the men and talks to him for a moment then looks curiously at Marietta who is watching him like a hawk. When he looks at her she gives a weak cry of utter despair. The priest goes to her and comforts her but she puts him off and turns away from him. The priest turns as the two white-clad figures bear the body of Jackie out of the mine. Someone calls for the priest. Father David goes and kneels beside the stretcher. Marietta just stands there dumbly for a moment and then walks weakly toward the crowd which has surrounded the injured boy. As she tries to get to him the crowd jostle her. Hugo comes in and runs to his mother.)

BERTHA

Hugo!

HUGO

Mother! He is dying. He did it to save me, mother, he did it to save me.

(Marietta hears thisand turns toward Bertha for a moment. She stares at her hatefully for a little time and then goes on trying to get to the side of her boy. Bertha noticed the stare and starts toward Marietta but hesitates and then does not go.)

BERTHA

He is a brave boy.

(The crowd opens and Marietta goesto the side of her son. Someone calls:)

He's dying and he ain't never been baptised.

(Someone hands father David a water-bottle. Marietta grasps it convulsively in an effort to prevent its use.)

F. DAVID

Marietta; I want to baptise your son.

MARIETTA

You can't do it, you can't do it. Why should I let God have the only thing in the world that ever brought me happiness? Why should I give him to the God who made me so miserable all my life? Why should I trust a fiend who shows me pleasure for a moment only to take it away with more pain? Why should I?

CROWD

Baptise him, he's dying.

MARIETTA

No, no, no. You shall not!

MINER

She's off her head. Take her away while Father Baptises him.

(Marietta is pulled away from her dying son and the crowd again closes on the prostrate figure. She is on the outside of the circle. She stands there and watches. She is in such agony that her mind will not function as quickly as it should.)

F. DAVID

The boy is dying; what name shall I give him?

MINER

Call him John Tatti. Everybody calls him Jackie, anyhow.

MARIETTA

Stop! Have I nothing to say about the baptism of my son!

F. DAVID

What do you want me to call him, Marietta?

MARIETTA

(Trying to elbow her way through the group around her son)
Call him nothing. I don't want you to call him anything.

F. DAVID

But he wants to be, Marietta. You do not have the right to stop him.
(Again she is slowly pushed out of the circle. Again someone calls:)
Name him John.

BERTHA

No, I want to give him a name. He saved my son's life; I want to give him a name.

MARIETTA

(Hysterically)
No, no. What right have you to give him a name? Don't dare.
(Marietta starts to rush toward Bertha but the crowd stops her. They are holding her while she struggles when Father David speaks:)

F. DAVID

What name shall I give to him, Mrs. Guido?

BERTHA

I want you to give him the same name my husband had; Tomaso Guido.
(Marietta stops struggling and stands up straight. She turns slowly and walks toward the side of the stage where she stops. The crowd is silent. Marietta goes slowly toward the group and hunts for an opening through which she can get to her boy. She is pushed aside wherever she tries. Father David's voice is heard.)

F. DAVID

Tomaso Guido, I baptise thee in the name of the Father and the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.
(Marietta has stood very quietly while the priest spoke. She now turns away and is slowly walking away while the crowd take off their hats and bow their heads while Father David delivers the Lord's Prayer.)

F. DAVID

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done-----

(On these final words Marietta turns for a moment and then bent over from the weight of her sorrow and dejection she walks slowly away. The crowd are all standing with bowed heads when the curtain closes.)

THE END

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